

# The Sketch



No. 368.—VOL. XXIX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I.,

*Commanding the beleaguered garrison in Ladysmith. This is the best portrait of Sir George White that has ever been taken, a friend of the General informs "The Sketch." It was taken by Cowell, of Simla.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

Lord Roberts has gone to "the front," and his personal influence will soon be felt by the army under his command. There never has been a British General, Sir John Moore, perhaps, excepted, who gained so effectually the affection of officers and men as "Bobs" has. His secret for doing this is a simple one: he has a good memory, and thinks nothing that is for the good of an officer or man too trivial to be put to trouble over.

I was brought into contact with him in India during the latter time of his long service in that country. When I was sent up to Simla to do some special work, I had no reason to imagine that the Commander-in-Chief, who passed in review every year so many thousands of officers, would remember my face or my name. The day after my arrival in the summer capital, I was walking down the Mall, feeling a little strange and disconsolate, when I was aware of Lord Roberts and some officers of his Staff riding towards me. He pulled up when he reached me, called me up to him and asked me what sort of a journey I had had from Kalka up the hill, said a few words about the work I had come to do, and finished with a question as to whether a smoky chimney in the bungalow of the Sergeant-Major of the regiment I had the honour to belong to had been set right. This little matter had come up at an inspection, when the Commander-in-Chief was going round the quarters, and, as it affected the comfort of the man, he had kept it in his memory.

At the particular inspection I have referred to above, which took place at Dum-Dum, Lord Roberts expressed a wish to see the bungalow in which he lived when he first came to India as a subaltern in the Company's Artillery, and was sent to learn his work to the great cantonment in the suburb of Calcutta, then a very important station, now a decaying collection of bungalows, with an ammunition factory in its midst, and some barracks, where a regiment is stationed to safeguard the factory. With a crowd of staff officers and regimental officers behind him, the Commander-in-Chief started on his search. We found the bungalow, a little place with two fair-sized rooms in it. It had long ago been condemned as an officer's quarters, and the family of half-castes who lived a slovenly, unlovely, overcrowded life in it swarmed out, wondering what could have brought the "Lord Sahib" to their door. The scene would have made a good picture.

The Soldiers' Institutes which are now to be found in every station in India are records of the care Lord Roberts takes of the men under him. They are practically clubs, where the men read the papers, play billiards, listen to rough-and-ready concerts, and get a good supper at a marvellously small price. It was no easy task to arrange all this. One of the difficulties was to find suitable buildings, and no one but the Head of the Army could have insisted on old rights of possession being abrogated. At Dum-Dum, for instance, the fine building which had been before the Mutiny the Mess of the officers of the Company's Artillery had for thirty years been the Station Club. It was taken away from the officers, who had to find accommodation elsewhere, a condemned staff-sergeant's quarters being the best available house they could obtain, and given to the men. There were financial difficulties to contend with as well. The canteen always pays well, but it was a moot question whether the Institutes, where beer is permitted but not encouraged, would pay their way. The problem was successfully solved, and at the present day in India a soldier at any station can spend his evening, if he wishes, in a lofty room, with punkahs in full swing, and with plenty of books and papers to read.

The Native Army in India felt the same affection for Lord Roberts that the British Army in that country had, and if it had been considered permissible to use Indian troops in South Africa, the wildest enthusiasm would have prevailed, and the keenest desire would have been shown by Sikhs and Gurkhas, Pathans and Rajputs, to serve once again under the General who has so often led them to victory. I once travelled in the special train that was taking Lord Roberts across the Sikh country. At the stations at which the train stopped, there was on the platform a line of old soldiers, tall Sikhs, in spotless white garments, with long grey beards, each man with some medals on his breast. It interested me to note, as Lord Roberts went down the line, that, without prompting of any kind, he remembered many of the men's names and where they had seen service with him, and it was pleasant to see the grave faces of the old soldiers light up with pleasure as a word was said to them of the fighting at Sherpur or of the march to Kandahar. At the stations where the train did not stop there was always the same line of veterans, and speed was slackened that they might see the Commander-in-Chief, who stood at a window of the carriage and answered their salute.

From South Africa advice has been telegraphed to all officers of Yeomanry going to that country to bring out telescopes with them, and to the non-commissioned officers to bring good field-glasses. This advice, I can say from personal experience, is of the best. The Boer's eyes are trained to a telescopic point. He has, to get his living, to be able to pick out a strayed bullock a couple of miles distant; and, for his sport, he must be able to mark down springbok at a distance at which to an Englishman, even when their position has been pointed out to him, they appear only to be a light patch on the veldt. The sporting Englishman, as a rule, has eyes which are trained to see quickly what is happening in a half-mile radius, at the most. He judges the distance of a pheasant coming across a ride like a feathered cannon-ball, he sees a fox stealing out of cover; but when he gets on to the veldt, unless he has the artificial eyes which a telescope or glasses give him, he is purblind in comparison with the man of the country.

## THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

To a great extent our military leaders are following the example of the great Duke of Marlborough in maintaining a rigid reticence upon the progress of events at "the front." Irritating as this naturally is to the public, which hungers for particulars of every movement even before it be finally completed, the precaution, nevertheless, is a wise one. Recent events, for instance, have too clearly shown that our forces in the field are infested with spies, by whom the enemy is continually being informed of our Generals' intentions. At the present moment, even a couple of suspects who sailed last week for the Cape with a detachment of the Imperial Yeomanry are in custody on a charge of this description. Altogether, therefore, it will readily be admitted that the rigorous censorship of news that is observed is a necessary measure.

At the same time, however, we have intelligence of a sufficiently recent date to put us in possession of full particulars regarding Buller's second withdrawal to the south side of the Tugela. This movement was carried out just a week ago, and was occasioned by a combination of circumstances which, in the opinion of all qualified to judge, rendered it absolutely imperative. According to the latest news to hand, the main features of the operations connected with this retirement were as follows—

In the cold, grey mist of the early dawn of Monday, the 5th inst., a strong British force advanced swiftly and silently from the camp near Potgieter's Drift. As the morning wore on, the three brigades composing the column were sent forward in as many directions, with the object of deceiving the enemy as to the precise point at which the attack was to be delivered. Thus, one brigade, under Colonel Wynne, was detached to the left and instructed to make a feint, while the real assault was being conducted upon the enemy's centre position by Generals Lyttelton and Hildyard.

This skilfully planned manœuvre was carried out with conspicuous success. Thus, as soon as the moment arrived for the delivery of the real attack, Colonel Wynne's force was suddenly withdrawn. Immediately afterwards, and before the enemy had recovered from their surprise, the other two brigades (which had been steadily advancing all the time) now engaged the Boers in turn. Dashing gallantly forward upon the rocky slopes of the Vaal Krantz hill, they carried the series of positions there, and thus brought the day to a successful termination.

On the following morning the advance was resumed, and nightfall witnessed the repulse of a determined attempt on the part of the enemy to retake the captured ridge. When dawn broke on Wednesday, however, it was seen that the Boers, under cover of darkness, had succeeded in mounting several guns upon the south-eastern ridge of the hill. One of these was a 100-pound piece of the description known as a "Long Tom," and, as it was possessed of considerable range, great efforts were made by our artillery to silence it. Although they were not altogether successful in this, they managed, nevertheless, to considerably reduce its effectiveness. The result was, accordingly, that, when the afternoon arrived, it was thought that the time had come when a general advance might be made in this direction.

Prior to commencing this, however, Sir Redvers Buller wisely ordered the balloonist accompanying our troops to execute a reconnaissance. The wisdom of this course became almost immediately apparent, for, by the aid of his glasses, the aeronaut was enabled to make a discovery of the utmost importance. This was to the effect that the enemy had laid for us a most cunningly prepared trap, and one into which but for Buller's forethought the advancing troops would undoubtedly have fallen before the end of the day. According to the balloonist's report, it appears that the Boers had contrived, unknown to us, to develop extraordinary artillery strength on the Doorn Kloof hill. This is an eminence on the right of our position, and commanded the road to Ladysmith. As its heights were found to be crowned by a number of powerful guns (the existence of which, owing to their being fitted with "disappearing mountings," was hitherto unknown to us), it follows that an advance by Buller's troops could only have resulted in disaster. Under these circumstances, accordingly, Sir Redvers decided to withdraw across the Tugela until another forward movement could be made with a better chance of success.

Although naturally disappointed at this third failure to relieve them, the besieged garrison at Ladysmith are keeping up their spirits in the most plucky manner imaginable. Following the example of their gallant Commander, all ranks in the camp continue to be animated by the true soldierly spirit that has served them in such good stead throughout the long weeks of trial to which they have been exposed. Accordingly, the photograph of Sir George White, V.C., which is given on the front page, has a special interest. It is the latest that has been taken of this distinguished officer.

While these various operations were being carried out in Natal, almost equal activity was being displayed by our forces in the other portions of the "strategical area" where British columns are employed. Thus, on the 4th inst., Major-General Hector Macdonald, with his Highland Brigade, executed an important flanking movement to the right of the Boer position near Koodoosberg Drift, on the Riet River. The fighting that ensued lasted for three days, but the enemy failed to dislodge the Highlanders. Unfortunately, "Mac"—as the kilted soldiers' Chief is known throughout the Service—was so handicapped by his want of men that he was unable to pursue his advantage. In consequence of this, Lord Methuen ordered him to fall back upon the Modder River, where Lord Roberts arrived in time to congratulate "Fighting Mac" on his expedition.

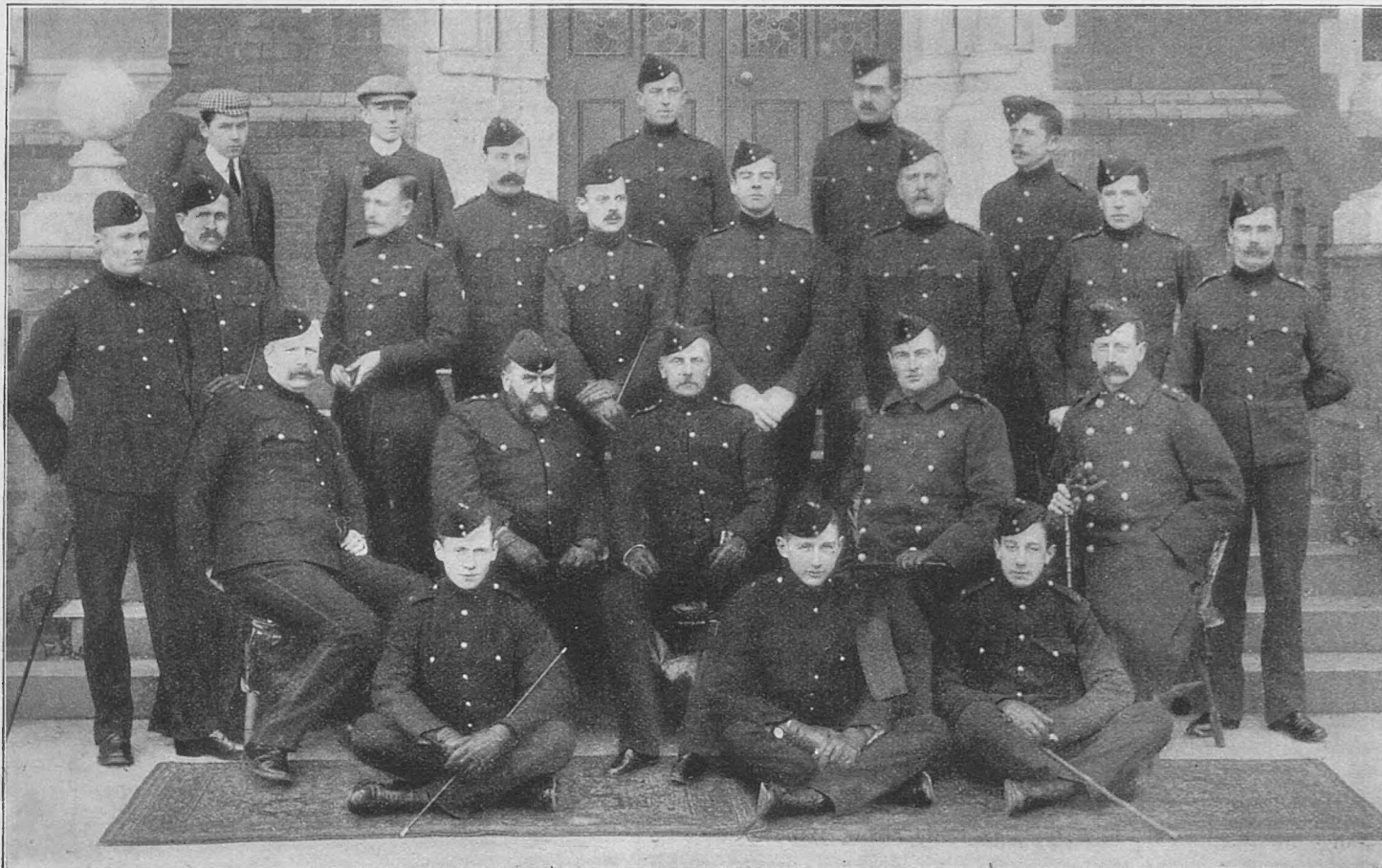


### "THE FIGHTING FIFTH."

The 3rd Battalion the Northumberland Fusiliers (which was embodied on Dec. 9 of last year, and is now on the way to Malta, whence it is expected it will shortly proceed to "the front") is commanded by

the last five years has been Colonel of the 3rd Battalion of the regiment of the county with which his family has been associated for generations past. Lord Algernon is the second son of the Duke of Northumberland, and was born just nine-and-forty years ago. In 1880, he married a daughter of the present Earl of Mount Edgumbe, and has a family of

Lieut. Littleton.    Lieut. Lloyd.    Capt. Enderby.    Lieut. Riddell.    Lieut. Westmacott.    Lieut. de Putron.  
Quartermaster (Capt.) Evans.    Lieut. Moulton Burrell.    Lieut. Burdon.    Lieut. Joicey.    Capt. Lindberg.    Lieut. Woods.    Capt. Westmacott.



Capt. Joicey.    Major Roddam.    Lieut.-Col. Lord L. Cecil.    Col. Lord A. Percy.    Capt. Scott.    Capt. Hon. R. C. Jervis.  
Second-Lieut. Joicey.    Second-Lieut. Lakin.    Second-Lieut. Beaumont.

OFFICERS OF THE 3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, WHO EMBARKED LAST SATURDAY FOR MALTA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, SOUTHSEA.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Algernon M. A. Percy, while its senior Major is Lord Lionel Cecil. The former of these officers is an ex-Guardsman, and at one time was Adjutant of a battalion of the Grenadiers. On retiring from the Regular Army, in 1880, he joined the Militia, and for

two children. Lord Lionel Cecil, who, as senior Major (and honorary Lieutenant-Colonel), is second in command of Lord Algernon Percy's battalion, was appointed to this position in July 1895. He is a half-brother of England's Premier and son of the second Marquess of Salisbury.



MOUNTED INFANTRY SECTION OF THE 1ST BATTALION KING'S ROYAL RIFLES, FORT CURTIS, ESHOWE, ZULULAND.

Here is a Photograph of some of the Mounted Infantry of the 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifles, a detached post stationed at Fort Curtis, Zululand, employed on the line of communications. This is the same Battalion that so bravely charged Talana Hill at the beginning of the War.



## LORD CHESTERFIELD'S WEDDING

The most important wedding of the month in London will take place on the 15th at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, where the Earl of Chesterfield and Miss Enid Wilson will be made man and wife. The bride is the beautiful daughter of Mr. Charles Wilson, M.P., and has been the reigning beauty in Society for the past two Seasons. The bridegroom is the tenth Earl of his line, and is one of the handsomest and best-dressed of men. He is older than his bride-elect, being forty-six, although he does not look anything like that age.

Miss Enid Wilson will be given away by her father, whilst Lord Chesterfield will be attended by Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest as best man. The bride's dress is of soft white crêpe-de-Chine, beautifully embroidered in silver, and made with a full Court-train of white satin, embroidered in a design of lilies in silver. She will wear an old-lace veil, covering a wreath of natural myrtle in the hair, and will carry a bunch of orange-flowers, specially grown at Warter Priory, Mr. Wilson's lovely place near Hull. The train will be carried by two little pages and a small train-bearer; the former are little Viscounts Wendover and Ednam (the eldest sons of Earl Carrington and the Earl of Dudley), and the latter is Miss Daphne Bourke, the small daughter of the Hon. Algernon Bourke. The little maid will wear a frock of white satin trimmed with ermine, and the boys quaint old-fashioned riding-suits of red cloth with three-cornered black hats. The bride will also be attended by seven bridesmaids, namely, her sister, Miss Gwladys Wilson, her cousin, Miss Muriel Wilson (daughter of Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft), the Lady Mary Willoughby, the Lady Aldra Acheson, the Lady Marjorie Carrington, Miss Dorothy Paget, and Miss Alice Balfour. The bride was determined to have her bridesmaids gowned in a novel manner, for, instead of the usual white silk or satin and the everlasting "picture" hat, they are to wear old-fashioned riding-coats of red cloth trimmed with fur, and white muslin skirts, with quaint three-cornered "highwayman" hats of black silk, adorned with a cluster of white feathers at the side, held in place by old-paste buckles; neither will they carry the usual "shower-bouquet," for to each Lord Chesterfield has presented a beautiful sable muff. Hundreds of wedding-guests have been invited to 41, Grosvenor Square, the magnificent town residence of the bride's parents, where, after the ceremony, Mrs. Charles Wilson will hold a reception prior to Lord Chesterfield and his bride leaving for



THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

Woodlands, Uxbridge, the seat of Viscount Curzon, M.P., where they are to spend the honeymoon. The presents, of course, are most magnificent, and in their hundreds.

Lord Chesterfield has played for some years a very considerable rôle in quite the smartest and most exclusive section of the great world. During the whole of his youth there seemed very little

chance of his succeeding to the family honours. But his father—then Mr. Stanhope—was one of the best-known and most popular of mid-Victorian men in Society; accordingly, the present Lord Chesterfield had even in those days plenty of opportunities of seeing



MISS ENID WILSON (TO BE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD).

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

the best people at close quarters, and even when he was an Eton boy it used to be prophesied that he would do great things both as a politician and as a dandy. After leaving Oxford, he went to the Bar, and he was already becoming known in legal circles when he was offered and accepted the post of private secretary to the then Liberal Whip. He did so well in this novel capacity that he was chosen out of many candidates to become private secretary to Sir William Harcourt when that redoubtable Parliamentarian first became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he is said to have retained from those far-off days as pretty a taste in figures as he has in ties.

Lord Chesterfield succeeded his father some thirteen years ago. He remained faithful to his old political chief, and in 1892 Mr. Gladstone made him Treasurer of the Household. But, among his many claims to fame, there is none of which he is more justly proud than that of having been Captain of Her Majesty's Corps of Men-at-Arms, one of the quaintest and most delightful of mediæval survivals of the fittest, and which, during the four hundred years of its existence, has had among its Captains only one commoner, namely, the famous Sir Anthony Brown. Lord Chesterfield has in his time been a great traveller. Some seven years ago he explored South Africa, being accompanied on many of his most interesting expeditions by the present Duke of Montrose and Lord Crewe. Although rumours of his engagement, first to one beautiful débutante and then to another, have been frequently rife, not till last autumn was his betrothal to Miss Enid Wilson officially announced.

The future mistress of Holme Lacy, not only one of the most beautiful of the stately homes of England, but for centuries the country seat of the Scudamores and Stanhopes, is, as all the world knows, the loveliest of a beautiful group of cousins. She will share her new title with her mother-in-law, Agnes, Countess of Chesterfield, and also with the widow of the ninth Earl, Dorothea, Countess of Chesterfield. Although Lord and Lady Chesterfield will spend the greater portion of each year at Holme Lacy, they will be the happy owners of a charming house in Grosvenor Gardens, which is one of the many splendid wedding-presents bestowed by the bride's father.

"David Garrick's" wondrous popularity is due to the genius of Charles Wyndham. Owing to the unprecedented demand for seats for the matinée of "David Garrick" on the 7th inst., Mr. Wyndham has decided to give a Special Matinée on Thursday, the 15th inst., at Wyndham's Theatre.





MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS SYDNEY CARTON IN "THE ONLY WAY."

*The young actor-manager will bring the run of this highly successful piece to a conclusion on Saturday evening next at the Prince of Wales's. May his next venture be equally satisfactory to himself and the public! This photograph is by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*



**HAYMARKET.—SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.**  
EVERY EVENING at 8.50 (doors open 7.45), preceded at 8 by THE BUGLE-CALL.  
MATINEE TO-DAY (Wednesday) and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.**  
EVERY EVENING at 8. Shakespeare's  
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (with the whole of Mendelssohn's music).  
MATINEE EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at 2.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.**  
EVERY EVENING at 8.30 (doors open 8), Anthony Hope's  
RUPERT OF HENTZAU.  
Sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda."  
MATINEES of THE PRISONER OF ZENDA every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

**THE LONDON HIPPODROME,**  
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.  
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.  
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45.  
THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AND UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON.

**BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES BY PULLMAN LIMITED.**  
Every SUNDAY from Victoria 11 a.m. Day Tickets, 12s.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS.	East- bourne.	Bright- on and Worthing.	Bright- on.	Worthing.	Brighton and Worthing.	East- bourne.	Brighton.		
From	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
Victoria... ..	a.m. 9 25	a.m. 10 5	a.m. 10 40	a.m. 10 40	a.m. 11 0	a.m. 11 5	a.m. 11 15	a.m. 11 40	p.m. 12 15
*Ken-sington ... ..	...	...	10 10	...	...	...	...	11 10	...
London Bridge ... ..	...	...	9 25	...	...	...	...	12 0	...

\* (Addison Road). A.—Every Sunday, 11s. 6d. First Class. B.—Every Week-day, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. C.—Every Saturday, 10s. 6d. First Class. D.—Every Saturday, 11s. First Class. E.—Every Sunday, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. F.—Every Sunday, First Class, 10s. Brighton, 11s. Worthing. G.—Every Sunday, Pullman Car, 13s. 6d. H.—Every Sunday, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car.

SEASIDE FOR WEEK-END.—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS from London and Suburban Stations to Brighton, Worthing, Hastings, Eastbourne, Isle of Wight, &c.

For full particulars see Time Book, or apply to the Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

Eleventh Edition; 24th Thousand; Cloth, 1/6; Paper Cover, 1/-. Of all Booksellers.

**THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).**  
By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R. Coll. Phys. Lond. Part I.—Contents: Evils of Corpulency—Dangerous conditions due to Corpulency, such as Weak Heart, Breathlessness, Dropsy, Apoplexy, &c.—Obesity the ruin of Beauty and the burden of Age—Diet the only safe and permanent cure at any age—Quack Medicines, Acids, Purgatives, or Outward Applications fatal, dangerous, temporary, or useless! Evils of Overeating and Sedentary Habits—Food in its Relation to Work, Exercise, &c., &c. Part II.—Dietetics of Obesity.  
*Opinions of the Press.*—"This work deserves careful study."—*QUEEN*. "The only safe and permanent cure of obesity."—*WESTERN GAZETTE*. "This is the very best book on Corpulency that has ever been written."—*LADY*.  
London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

## OUIDA'S NEW NOVEL.

Her first since  
"THE MASSARENES."

### MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

has just published in his

*GREEN CLOTH LIBRARY*

a new novel of Italian Village Life, entitled

## THE WATERS OF EDERA,

By OUIDA.

It may be now obtained at the Libraries and  
Booksellers',

PRICE 6/-.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

## NEW WORK

BY THE LATE

## G. W. STEEVENS,

War Correspondent of the "DAILY MAIL."

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Messrs. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS will publish about  
the end of FEBRUARY, "FROM CAPETOWN  
TO LADYSMITH: An Unfinished Record of  
the South African War," by G. W. STEEVENS,  
Author of "With Kitchener to Khartum," "In India,"  
&c. In One Volume, crown 8vo. With Maps.

45, George Street, Edinburgh; and 37, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

## "THE MASQUE OF WAR AND PEACE."

The wife of one of the bravest and most popular officers of the Guards, Mrs. Arthur Paget was eminently qualified to take the lead in organising the brilliant Society fête at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday night, that was bound to result in a handsome sum in aid of the Widows and Orphans' Fund of Her Majesty's Household Troops at the Seat of War. Mrs. Paget was loyally seconded by some of the loveliest gentlewomen of the Queen's Court. Her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family granted their patronage. Prominent Royal Academicians willingly contributed their services, and Mr. Tree most liberally gave up his theatre and his valuable superintendence to make the festival an artistic success. Mr. Louis N. Parker and Mr. Hamish MacCunn are similarly to be credited for providing respectively the words and music, and Mr. Percy Anderson for designing the costumes for "The Masque of War and Peace." To the melodious music, specially composed by Mr. Raymond Roze, there was set a series of glowing *tableaux vivants*, invented and arranged by MM. Boughton, Crofts, Onslow Ford, Goodall, Solomon, Swan, Waterhouse, and Hacker, the pick of R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s. The veritable "Dream of Fair Women" recalled in its lustrous splendour and grace the remarkable "living pictures" presented by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours some years ago. Finally, the martial ardour with which the massed bands of the Guards, conducted *con amore* by Sir Arthur Sullivan, played inspiring airs to accompany the "Picture of Great Britain, her Colonies and Dependencies," could not but evoke the hearty applause even of a fashionable house not usually stirred to enthusiasm. It was patent to those privileged to witness the Dress-Rehearsal at Her Majesty's that all who took part in this colossal undertaking would have richly earned the Supper prepared for them at the Prince's Restaurant on Tuesday night after the performance.

## A BRAVE BUGLER.

Young in years as is Bugler Dunn, of the Dublin Fusiliers, shown in the photograph here given, he has already contrived to show himself to be as thorough a Soldier of the Queen as has any veteran at "the front." With his regiment, he was in action throughout the whole of that trying December day when General Buller was repulsed in his first attempt to cross the Tugela. He was wounded in the arm while crossing the river, and calmly changed his bugle to the other hand. But he had to be invalided home. Thanks, however, to the skilful medical treatment that he received



BUGLER DUNN.

Photo by Russell, Southsea.

at Netley on his arrival in England, he has now been completely cured. On his discharge from the military hospital, at the end of last week, he received quite an ovation, and was carried through the Portsmouth streets. Sergeant Dunn may well feel proud of his brave son.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Although there is good authority for saying that the arrangements made for the Sovereign's visit to Bordighera may be at any moment altered, in view of the South African Campaign, there is, so far, no reason to suppose that the Queen will alter her original determination to leave this country early in March. Her Majesty postponed her departure from Osborne in a great measure because the Isle of Wight has been enjoying the most delightful spell of bright, sunny weather, and also in order that she might honour those of the wounded officers who have just returned from "the front," and whose homes happen to be in the Isle of Wight, with a visit.

Brigadier-General Fetherstonhaugh, who received the signal honour of a call from his Sovereign, has long been one of the most popular

Dean, and which shows a chaplet of bay-leaves suspended from a coronet beneath a cross, is said to have particularly pleased the Princess of Wales, as also has done the simple inscription, which concludes with the words, "A loyal Churchman, a gracious Prince, a constant friend."

The Duke of Connaught obtained such signal advantages as a military Commander at the last Autumn Manœuvres he took part in that there were good grounds for the hope that His Royal Highness would have distinguished himself had he been allowed to proceed to South Africa. Deservedly a prime favourite with Tommy Atkins, the Queen's Soldier-son is, however, doing his best as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, in succession to Lord Roberts. As the Prince of Wales has been untiring in his characteristically kind and genial efforts to



GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, ACCOMPANIED BY GENERAL GOSSET, INSPECTING THE FIRST COMPANY OF IRISH IMPERIAL YEOMANRY AT THE ROYAL BARRACKS, DUBLIN, PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

figures in Hampshire military society. Although the gallant soldier had been home only three days, he was well enough to receive the Queen according to formal etiquette—that is, at his front-door. Among other members of his family who were presented to Her Majesty was the General's young daughter, from whom the Queen graciously accepted a beautiful bouquet.

Apropos of the really beautiful and ornate memorial tablet which the Duke of York has just unveiled in the South Choir aisle of York Minster, and which is one of the few memorials which have been erected up to the present time to the late Duke of Clarence, it is rather curious to consider that the present Archbishop of York is the only Church dignitary of high degree who was ever in the Army. His Lordship, who is a son of one of Wellington's favourite surgeons, was for some years in the Madras Mounted Infantry, and the officers of the York garrison are always made very welcome at Bishopthorpe. Dr. Maclagan, however, was still at Lichfield during the years that the Duke of Clarence was quartered at York. His Royal Highness was very fond of the beautiful Cathedral, and the tablet, which was designed by the

cheer each gallant body of Volunteers and Imperial Yeomanry he has inspected in London at the Albany Street Barracks, so the Duke of Connaught has similarly gratified and inspired the Regulars and Yeomanry who have left Dublin for "the front." I am indebted to Messrs. Chancellor and Sons for the accompanying photograph of the Duke's inspection at the Royal Barracks of the 1st Company of the Irish Imperial Yeomanry, commanded by Captain Lord Longford. His Royal Highness has also bidden God-speed in Dublin to the 3rd Battalion South Wales Borderers and the 3rd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, commanded respectively by Colonel Healy and the Duke of Montrose.

To-day is the once much-observed feast of St. Valentine, but it is probable that not one in every ten thousand of the Queen's lieges will receive a valentine, so greatly has that formerly popular missive fallen into disfavour. In our last great war, the Crimean Campaign, 1854-6, the sending of valentines was in full blast, and the journals of the day contained valentines from folks at home to soldiers at "the front," valentines from soldiers in the Crimea to the Mother Country, and



valentines by no means complimentary to the Czar of All the Russias. To-day I do not imagine we shall find the war a vehicle for the valentine, yet, perchance, President Kruger being, it is said, old-fashioned in his methods, may indite a missive of this description to Lady Smith. One can conceive his Honour's homely verses in this connection, finishing, perchance, with the following couplet—

Sweet Lady Smith, you must be mine;  
My arms are round my Valentine!

Lieutenant-Colonel Park, who led the 1st Devons in the splendid charge at Ladysmith on Jan. 6, and was mentioned in Sir George White's



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PARK,  
COMMANDING 1ST DEVONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Wright, Upper Norwood.

despatch, and who commanded the Devons at Eland's Laagte, was born in 1856. He was educated at Haileybury College. Joining the Army in June 1875, he was placed in command of a company in 1883, made Major in 1892, and Lieutenant-Colonel in November last. Lieutenant-Colonel Park served in the Afghan Campaign of 1879-80 (medal), was Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion for seven years, on the Staff of General Sir R. Stewart in Burma as "D.A.A.G.," "A.A.G." to General Crealock in Burma, and "A.A.G." at Wellington, Southern India. He was appointed second-in-command of the 2nd Battalion at Aldershot in 1897, and went out to India as second-in-command of the 1st Battalion last January.

One of the first telegrams of congratulation on the birth of a son and heir received by Prince and Princess Henry of Pless came from the German

Emperor, who ever since the marriage of the lovely English girl to one of his most faithful friends and supporters has lost no opportunity of showing them very special courtesy and favour. During the brief period which elapsed between her debut and her marriage to Prince Henry of Pless, Miss Daisy Cornwallis-West was said to be the prettiest debutante London Society had seen for many a long day, and her marriage, which took place at St. Margaret's, was a very notable function, though many people criticised the taste which placed on the head of so youthful a bride—she was not quite eighteen—the wonderful diamond crown, worth, it was said, a King's ransom. Since their marriage, the Prince and Princess have spent a considerable portion of each year in this country, and they have also constantly entertained parties of English friends at their castle in Germany. On more than one occasion the Princess has acted as hostess to Royalty, and she is intimate with the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha's three elder daughters.

It is widely rumoured that another great alliance is in prospect in the Cornwallis-West family; indeed, the engagement of Princess Henry of Pless's younger and only sister, Miss Sheila West, was authoritatively announced last year, and less authoritatively denied. The rumours are now revived, but it is said that the betrothal will not be formally announced till the war is over.

An interesting wedding will take place in America on the 24th inst., when the Hon. Lilian Pauncefoot, the young and pretty daughter of Lord Pauncefoot, our popular Ambassador to the United States of America, will be led to the altar, at St. John's Church, Washington, United States, by Mr. Robert Bromley. Mr. Bromley is not an American, as has been reported, but is the eldest son of Sir Henry Bromley, Bart., of Stoke Hall, Newark. He is a very clever-looking, clean-shaven young fellow of some twenty-six years of age. The Bishop of Washington will perform the ceremony, and Lord Pauncefoot will give his daughter away. A distinguished company, including President and Mrs. McKinley and all the foreign Ambassadors, will afterwards sit down to the wedding-breakfast, which will be served at the British Embassy, Washington.

On Saturday, the 17th, there will be a large gathering at the Brompton Oratory to witness the nuptials of the Hon. Francis Russell, son of the Lord Chief Justice of England, and Miss Mary Ritchie, daughter of the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., President of the Board of Trade. Miss Hilda Mackenzie, daughter of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie (who attended the late German Emperor Frederick at the time of his last and fatal illness), is to be married to-day at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Mr. Frederic Slade, son of the late Colonel Slade, of the 5th Lancers.

Then I may mention that Mr. Paul Makins, son of the gallant Colonel W. T. Makins, V.D. (who is now one of Her Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London, and who has sat in Parliament for

several Divisions of Essex during the period from 1874 to '92), will be wedded in Town on the same day to Miss Gladys Vivian, daughter of Mr. William Vivian, of Queen's Gate. The Earl of Radnor's second son, the Hon. Stuart Pleydell-Bouverie, and Miss Edith Vickers, daughter of Mr. Albert Vickers, are to be married at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on the 25th; and on the 27th the Hon. Wilfred James, youngest son of Lord Northbourne (who before he succeeded to the title sat for nearly twenty years as M.P. for Gateshead), will be wedded to Miss Margaret Stogdon in the pretty little church at Harrow.

A correspondent writes: "I am sorry to read in the papers that death has captured Charles François Felu, the armless Belgian painter, at the age of sixty-nine. I knew him passably well, mainly from talking to him in the galleries at Antwerp and Brussels, where he did most of his work as a copyist. He claimed no special merit for his ability with his toes, but, on the contrary, declared that every living being, if brought up from childhood, as he had been, to using the feet as hands, would be far more useful in various walks of life. Of course, he did not pretend that every person could be an artist, as he was; but he pointed out that sailors accustomed to bare feet were often able to save themselves at sea when their hands were employed. Since my conversations with M. Felu, I have tried several pedal experiments. I have not been able to shave or carve, as he did, but I have managed to write with a pencil fixed between the big toe and the second, and I often practise picking up things with bare feet. I should think that 'pedometry' could be developed into a science. M. Felu was an unassuming man, and, in the city of Rubens, will be greatly missed in art-circles."

The Treasury officials are, it may be as well to inform the tax-payer, on the look-out for some new sources of revenue, and there seems a strong belief that the cycle in all forms will have to contribute to the Exchequer. There is no reason why it should not. It is no more a necessity than a boat on the river, and everyone knows that each craft has to pay its annual footing to the Thames Conservancy. But it is to be hoped that the authorities, if they do tax cycles, will not license the machine, but the person using it, just as permits to shoot, or keep dogs and man-servants and display armorial bearings, are issued at present. It is difficult to license an inanimate object; it is easy to deal with a living subject. The other day, by the way, two politicians were discussing ways and means, when one, a teetotaler, exclaimed, "We shall have to



MR. O'BRIEN, WHO WON THE GRAND PRIX DE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO.

Photo by Numa Blanc fils, Monte Carlo.

raise the duties on spirits." "Begorra!" returned the other, who was an Irish *bon-vivant*, "then I'll start an agitation for taxing soda-water." "That'll cut both ways with you," observed the temperance orator.



Lord Stanley is, it seems, delighted to be relieved of his unpleasant function at Cape Town. The lot of a Chief Censor is a peculiarly odious one, the more so that it involves not only much unpleasantness on the spot, but also severe reprimands from the authorities if anything of consequence is by chance allowed to "get through." The future Lord Derby, although he is only five-and-thirty, has had one of the busiest and most varied careers that have fallen to the lot of any of his contemporaries. Through his mother, *née* Villiers, he belongs to a great family clan quite as individual in its way as is that of the Stanleys. The Army was his first love; he became a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards at the age of twenty. Four years later, he occupied the agreeable position of Aide-de-Camp to the then Governor-General of Canada, and the same year he became the husband of Lady Alice Montagu, one of the pretty, clever daughters of the present Duchess of Devonshire.

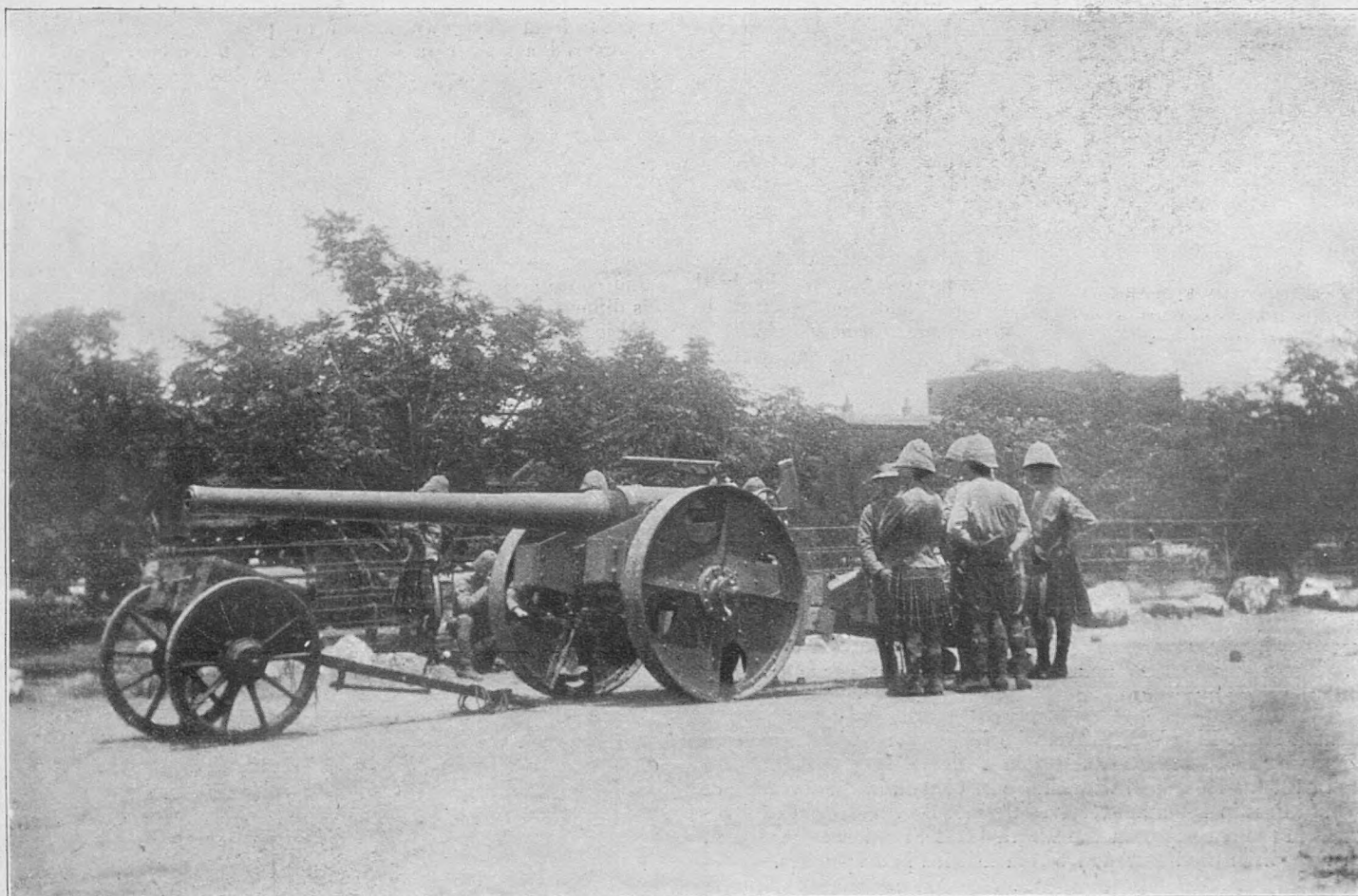
Immediately after his return from Canada, Lord Stanley entered Parliament, and for eight years he has represented the West Houghton Division of Lancashire. He shares with Lord Valentia the responsible duties of Government Whip, and perhaps the tact there displayed by him is the real reason why he was made Chief Censor. Of Lord Stanley's six brothers, five are serving for Queen and Country as sailors

residence of Lady Iveagh and of her three sons. It is probable that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will occupy Farmleigh only till their own quarters in the Royal Hospital are in good order, for their Royal Highnesses both much prefer being in the centre of things.

The present week finds the Chinese Ambassador, Sir Chichen Lo Feng-Luh, more fully occupied than has been the case since he began his tour of the great commercial and industrial centres in the provinces. He spends the first five days in Glasgow, renewing his acquaintance with some of the great works which, as secretary and interpreter—the distinguished Plenipotentiary adds to his varied accomplishments the mastery of several European languages—to Li Hung Chang, he visited some years ago. The Chinese Ambassador visits some of the great iron and steel works which have helped to raise Glasgow to the proud position of the Second City, and to-day he goes to Ardeer to inspect the Nobel Explosive Works. His Excellency has been entertained to a banquet by the Corporation of Glasgow, and dines this evening with the leading manufacturers and prominent citizens.

Bordighera, where the Queen is going to spend her spring vacation, is not one of the most attractive spots on the Riviera, the dreary plain on which the newer town is built being by no means comparable with the

#### SPECIAL SNAPSHOT TO "THE SKETCH" FROM THE MODDER RIVER.



"JOE CHAMBERLAIN" AT MODDER RIVER.

*He resembles his namesake in more ways than one, for his aim is accurate, his fire deadly, and altogether he is a distinctly "orchid" customer. Photo by an Officer.*

and soldiers. During his absence in South Africa, Lady Alice Stanley spends a good deal of her time with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and in her pretty London house in Great Cumberland Place. By the way, Lord Stanley, like his famous forbear, has a great love of the Turf, and hopes, it is said, to some day devote himself seriously to "the Sport of Kings"; *en attendant*, he is one of the most popular members of the Jockey Club.

Mr. Rupert Guinness started for South Africa just too early to hear of the sudden death of his uncle. Of the three brothers, Captain Guinness was the least known in the world, the more so that, unlike Lord Ardilaun and Lord Iveagh, he spent little of his later life in his native country, although his wife was the half-sister of the present Lord Howth. Captain Guinness was an enthusiastic boatman, and he was happy in possessing one of the most charming places, Ballard, Coombe, at Kingston-on-Thames. He leaves three sons, of whom the eldest, who is just seventeen, will ultimately succeed to the family baronetcy, conferred, it will be remembered, on his grandfather, the founder of the great brewing firm.

Apropos of the Guinness family, Lord and Lady Iveagh, who have always been on very good terms with the Royal Family, are lending their beautiful place, Farmleigh, to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Farmleigh, which is close to Castleknock, is within a drive of Kilmainham Hospital, and, although by no means so imposing as Elveden Hall, it is a far more comfortable house, and is the favourite

heights of Cimiez or the look-out of Cap Martin. But the old town is picturesque and dirty, and Cap S. Ampeglio has pleasant basking-grounds. Inland, there are delightful drives, but most visitors prefer San Remo as a recuperative station. However, great improvements have been made of late years, and those whose only acquaintance with Bordighera is through the pages of Ruffini's delightful romance, "Doctor Antonio," would find it but a poor guide-book. Perhaps some of the dunderheaded Parisian journalists will tumble to the reason why our Ambassador in Paris, Sir Edward Monson, went to the Riviera. He travelled there not to effect an invasion of France by Italy, but to ascertain whether it would be convenient and prudent for his Sovereign to travel *via* France instead of by way of Belgium and Germany. Possibly, he may "hae his doots" now.

It is, *prima facie*, as surprising that Lord Cowley should have been obliged to get an injunction from Mr. Justice Barnes in the Divorce Court, as it is that the Earl's late wife, who is now legally Lady Violet Biddulph, should have wished to retain a title which assuredly cannot evoke many pleasant memories. But I understand that there was a stronger motive in the application, and that was definitely to obtain a judicial decision on a subject which has vexed the Lord Chamberlain's department not only in this particular case, but in others for many years. It is the unquestionable right of the Queen to determine by what name and title ladies who have divorced their husbands shall be received at Court, but Her Majesty is not anxious to decide these cases.



It is with very deep regret that I chronicle the death of Sir William Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., which took place last Wednesday morning at the famous official's residence, Oaken Holt, Cumnor, Berkshire. Of those whose privilege it is to serve the interests of the Empire in India, Sir William Hunter was one of the most conspicuous. Three times



THE LATE SIR W. HUNTER, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., FOR MANY YEARS A PROMINENT OFFICIAL OF STATE IN INDIA.

Photo by Windoie and Groze, Baker Street, W.

during his public career of twenty-five years he received the thanks of the British Government, and on one occasion the Bengal Government gave him a special grant of twenty thousand rupees. Among his deeds of really exceptional merit must be included the alleviation of the sufferings of the natives caused by the famine in the Orissa district in 1866. After his retirement from official life in 1887, he published many books, and was also Examiner and occasional Lecturer in the Honours School of Oriental studies.

Lieutenant H. F. Pipe-Wolferstan, who fell in the gallant attack on Spion Kop, was born in 1874, and joined the King's Own Scottish Borderers in 1894. He served with the relief column in the storming of the Malakand Pass in 1895, and received the medal with clasp. In 1897-8 he took part in the campaign on the North-West Frontier, accompanied the Tirah Expeditionary Force, and was mentioned in despatches.

Gustave Charpentier is the new French composer who has just jumped into celebrity at Paris with the representation of his opera, "Louise." He is a curious-looking, long-haired individual, and wears a soft felt and flowing necktie, a suggestion of that *négligé* toilet affected by a large number of Paris students and artists, the sight of which would draw an idle crowd in any part of the world except in the Latin Quarter or Montmartre. He is a pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, where he obtained the Prix de Rome, and, while still in the college at Rome, he wrote a symphony, "Impressions d'Italie," which was worth to him a first success. The realistic opera of "Louise" puts M. Charpentier, the Paris critics say, in the first rank of French masters.

The "Louise" of M. Charpentier is a naturalistic impression of the life of Paris decomposed and synthesised in music. It reminds one of the splendid descriptive pages of Zola. All the familiar cries of the streets are interpreted, and, where we have usually mythological tales, we now have the cry of "Petits pois! Petits pois!"—reinforced with the flutes. This realism is a novelty, and furnishes its peculiar charm and merit to the piece. The story turns on the love of a labouring girl and an artist in the Quarter of Montmartre, and is just such a tale as may be read in the city's annals every day in the year. The scenery shows Paris from the heights of Montmartre, and there are some marvellous effects of lighting, notably a scene with fireworks.

Feminism makes some progress in France. There are 401 women, according to the last school report, in the University of Paris. Women are found in all the courses but one, theology. It is true this feminine

element is far from being all French. The statistics are as follows: In the law course there are four women, two French and two Russians. In the school of pharmacy there are twenty women, all French but one. In the sciences there are thirty-five women, twenty-one French and fourteen foreign. In medicine, there are 129 women, of whom only twenty-nine are French, the others being divided into ninety-five Russians, five Roumanians, two Germans, one Swiss, and one English. Finally, the literary courses claim 262 women, of whom 206 are French, and the others foreigners, with Russians, Germans, and Americans in the majority.

M. Loubet, the President of the French Republic, is a simple man, an apologetic man, an unpretentious kind of man. He has never had the courage of his predecessor, Félix Faure, to forget, beneath the flash of an eye-glass and a splendid button-hole of flowers, his simple origin in life. He smiles always, and bows to everyone who salutes him in the street. He is the terror of the protocole and the Ministers who have had experience in entertaining Royalty, for, in his sound and honest good-heartedness, he is capable of keeping everyone at the banquet-table with the remark, "Well, we are so comfortable here that I don't see why that formality about the ladies leaving should be insisted upon." All this is to his credit, and is consistently Republican, from a French point of view—whatever that may mean. But I must frankly admit, that he is beginning to develop in a dangerous quarter when he uses such an expression, in privately congratulating Deschanel on his Academy speech, as, "I cannot compliment you on your speech, because what you have said are my ideas also, and so I should be flattering myself from my own mouth in praising you." Talleyrand was considered a master in brief speech, but for brevity and brilliancy I cannot help thinking that M. Loubet has surpassed anything that I can recall.

Those who have followed the unhappy life that M. Loubet has led since his election may not have heard of the tearful appeals of his children to refuse the post of President. A lady found a little boy crying his heart out on a seat in the Gardens of the Luxembourg. When she tried to console him, all that she could get out of him was, "Papa is President!" The lady was surprised, and replied, "Why, you should be proud of this!" "No," said the child; "every time that Papa says that we shall have to go to the Elysée, Mamma cries and begs him to stay where we are." President Loubet was happier in his old chambers in the "Surrey-side" Rue de Seine, where he had the benevolent M. Dujardin, of the ancient Hôtel de Seine, as neighbour.

Mr. George Denison Faber, of Belvedere, Harrogate, and 52, Sloane Street, S.W., who succeeds to the seat held by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford since January 1898, when he captured it from the Liberals, is the second surviving son of the late Mr. Charles Wilson Faber, J.P. and D.L., of Northam House, Herts, and was born in 1852. Educated at Oxford, he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1879. From



MR. DENISON FABER, THE CONSERVATIVE MEMBER FOR THE YORK DIVISION IN PLACE OF LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

Photo by Debenham, York.

1887 to 1896 he was Registrar of the Privy Council. He married, in 1895, Hilda Georgina, youngest daughter of the late Sir Frederick Ulric Graham, Bart., of Netherby, who married the eldest daughter of the seventeenth Duke of Somerset.



Those who were startled some days ago by the good news that a considerable contingent of the Highland Brigade reported to have been slain and buried by the enemy at Magersfontein were prisoners in Pretoria, can form some conception of the effect the tidings would have on the wives and relatives of the soldiers who had been reported dead.



MODDER RIVER BRIDGE, BLOWN UP BY THE BOERS. THE PONTOON-BRIDGE WAS CONSTRUCTED BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS IN 48 HOURS.

Photo by Major C. W. Crosse, Inniskilling Dragoons.

The news of the mistake in the return of casualties at Magersfontein was received with unbounded delight at Perth, the headquarters of the Black Watch, and up and down the country the wives of Reservists—for, curiously enough, in the present war the Reserve men suffer hardest—have had their mourning turned into joy. Not a few of the wives of the men now prisoners at Pretoria had received notification from the War Office that their husbands were reported killed; some had been paid the insurance on their lives, and nearly all had been recipients of the public funds for the relief of widows and orphans of soldiers killed in battle. The day of need of many of these families is not yet over, and the jubilation over the “dead come to life” will not, I am sure, seal the fountains of private beneficence towards the still temporarily bereaved.

It goes without saying that nowhere in the United Kingdom is the military spirit more dominant at the present time than in Scotland. One of the parishes of Glasgow furnishes evidence in an unusual fashion how interest in the struggle in South Africa affects family life, for in Govan the other day two babies received the names of distinguished military leaders. One proud father has registered his little son as “Redvers Buller,” and in one of the churches of that Glasgow district recently the worshippers were interested in the clergyman’s deliverance in performing the rite of baptism. “The name of this child is Robert Baden-Powell,” he said, and, turning to the congregation, the reverend gentleman continued, “He is named after a brave officer who has done noble service in South Africa, and let us sincerely hope that he will seek to emulate this famous name-father, and prove as valorous, heroic, and as patriotic all through his life. The news of this event may possibly be conveyed to the hero of Mafeking, and, if it is, I feel sure he will be pleased to learn that he is so much in the minds of his countrymen at home.” It may be that this interesting incident will reach the gallant beleaguered Colonel by way of *The Sketch*. I hope so.



RIMINGTON'S GUIDES AT BREAKFAST, ORANGE RIVER CAMP.

Photo by Major C. W. Crosse, Inniskilling Dragoons.

The name of Wauchope is not likely soon to be forgotten, for the memory of the gallant soldier who bore that name and fell with his face to the foe in December last is deeply enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, who treasure every story concerning the lamented General. An interesting tradition of the Wauchopes was related the

other evening in a Border town on the departure of local Volunteers for “the front.” Provost Dun of Galashiels said he had heard from his grandmother, who died at the age of ninety-seven, that when Prince Charlie was in the Cheviots with his army, and his commissariat in sore straits, one of General Wauchope’s progenitors—Royalists though they were—decided to send necessary help. The difficulty, however, was to get to the Prince. A family of four sons of the name of Oliver agreed to convey the needed assistance, one of the conditions required of them being that, if captured, they were not to reveal the source of supply. The condition was accepted, and the Prince relieved, and Provost Dun, who is descended from that family of Olivers, told the Volunteers he was proud in the knowledge that a hundred and fifty years ago his progenitors stood alongside of those of the family of Wauchope.

The uncertainty as to which battalion of the Cameron Highlanders is destined for South Africa is now at an end, for the *Simla* is on its way to Alexandria with the 3rd (Militia) Battalion of the Seaforth, and will there take on board the old 79th (1st Battalion Camerons) and convey them to South Africa. The Camerons are due to arrive at the Cape on March 6, and, with their arrival, not a Scottish regiment in the Service, cavalry or infantry, Highlanders or Lowlanders, will be without its representatives at “the front.” The famous “Greys,” the only Scottish cavalry corps, are already there, and what with Scots Guards, Royal Scots, Scots Fusiliers, Borderers, Cameronians, Camerons, Highland Light Infantry, Seaforths, Gordons, Black Watch, and Argyll and Sutherlands, some with two battalions either there or on the way, South Africa will soon see a “gathering of the clans” which has never been rivalled in the history of the British Army. As a general rule, too, Scotsmen come to stay, and they may find South Africa as attractive as Dr. Johnson’s “road to London.” In that case, the question in South Africa may soon become, “What shall we do with our Boers?”

Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth were delighted that so many gallant Volunteers were able to accept their cordial invitation to the last Covent



CAPTAIN GALE, R.E. (RIMINGTON'S SCOUTS), CROSS-EXAMINING NATIVE WHO ESCAPED FROM BOER LAAGER DURING THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

Photo by Major C. W. Crosse, Inniskilling Dragoons.

Garden Ball, and desire me to say that they renew that invitation for the Ball this evening, Feb. 14, St. Valentine’s Day. For purposes of identification, the warriors who have a yearning for one more trip on the light fantastic before leaving to settle Mr. Kruger should turn up in their uniforms. Each lady present will receive a souvenir.

Lord Henry Paulet, who has now succeeded to the title of Marquis of Winchester, through the death of the late Marquis of Winchester, who fell at the Magersfontein fight, was staying at the Marine Hotel, Durban, when the mail left. Earl De La Warr was also staying at the Marine Hotel, and has since left for “the front,” to join Bethune’s Mounted Infantry. The Marine is one of the innumerable hotels which, to the delight of their patrons, take in *The Sketch*.

The other day, at Nîmes, they celebrated a mass in honour of French soldiers who died for their country, and a Dominican priest, Father Vallé, pronounced the oration on this magnificent theme. With a curious idea of charity, the reverend Father gave his auditors to understand that their sympathy should be confined to soldiers who have fallen for France. The thought of our men fallen for England inspired Père Vallé with ferocious joy, and he wound up his discourse by thanking God for the defeats being suffered in South Africa “by the hereditary enemy”!

Suddenly there rose from out the audience an indignant voice, “Mon père, one should not speak thus in the pulpit!” Sensation, clamours, and protests; and when the over-courageous individual is found they hiss him; they oblige him to fly by a side-door; and the same day they force him to quit the city. Before this sentiment of the good people of Nîmes, one involuntarily recalls somebody’s assertion that “If he should return to earth, Christ would no longer be a Christian.”



To the inventive genius of Colonel the Earl of Dundonald, C.B., M.V.O., the British Army is indebted for the best machine-gun-carriage yet in use. It is known as the "Dundonald galloping-gun-carriage," and has already been proved capable of such good work in South Africa that the War Office has lately ordered a fresh supply to be sent out there. The chief advantages of the carriage consist in its extraordinary lightness, great strength, and the extreme ease with which it can be taken over rough ground. In the middle of last month, a demonstration of its qualities took place at Runnymede, in the presence of a number of military officials. On this occasion, it was subjected to a series of severe trials, all of which, however, were satisfactorily withstood by it. By the way, Lord Dundonald's present position in Natal is primarily due to the fact that he went out there, a few weeks ago, with the express intention of inducing the Authorities to put his gun-carriage to the test of active service. His present appointment, as a Cavalry Brigadier, was conferred on him later.

Such great things are confidently expected of the siege-train, as an instrument for effecting the ultimate reduction of Pretoria, that orders

The death on Spion Kop of Mr. Joseph Petre, Lord Petre's younger brother, places in mourning all the great Roman Catholic families, the more so that Lord Petre is a co-heir to the Baronies of Howard and Greystoke. Mr. Petre, who was a Captain in the Suffolk Yeomanry Cavalry, was one of the most popular members of what may be called the Oratory and Farm Street set, and he was one of the few comparatively wealthy Catholic bachelors. Of Lord Petre's eight sisters, the eldest is the Countess of Granard, while three, if not four, of the Misses Petre are nuns. Of course, the most notable "Roman" now at "the front" is Lord Edmund Talbot, the Duke of Norfolk's only brother and heir-presumptive, for the marriage of the young Earl of Arundel is out of the question.

At the present moment, it is cheering to hear of a thoroughly popular Anglo-Franco alliance. Many congratulations will be showered on the pretty French bride of the Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Connaught, Captain Clayton, of the Scots Guards. Mdlle. Jeanne de Fougères has spent during the last three or four years a portion of each summer in this country. She speaks English, as do so many French girls,



LORD DUNDONALD'S PATENT GALLOPING-GUN-CARRIAGE, WHICH HAS BEEN ADOPTED BY THE WAR OFFICE, AND WAS PROBABLY EFFECTIVE IN SIR REDVERS BULLER'S THIRD ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE LADYSMITH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

have been issued for the despatch to South Africa of a fresh one. This, which, by the way, will be the third to be employed in the war, is to be commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Saltmarsh, of the Royal Garrison Artillery (whose portrait is given on page 155). For this purpose he sailed from Southampton on the 3rd inst. Until receiving this appointment, Colonel Saltmarsh has been commanding the Artillery in the North-Western District, with headquarters at Chester. He is a "Gunner" of about one-and-twenty years' standing, and has seen active service in Afghanistan. This was in the campaign of 1879, when he served under Lord Roberts, under whose command he will once more find himself in South Africa.

Among the last batch of officers to sail for South Africa was Captain A. J. Budd, of the Lancashire Artillery. He embarked on Feb. 3, having been appointed Adjutant to Lieutenant-Colonel Saltmarsh, who commands the newly mobilised siege-train. Until quite recently, Captain Budd has been acting in a similar capacity to this officer. For his new post he possesses high qualifications, having for some time past been "Instructor in Artillery" to the North-Western District. His knowledge of guns and gunnery is, accordingly, of a high order. As Captain Budd is a Militiaman, his selection for active service has been taken as a great compliment by the Artillery branch of "the old Constitutional Force"—fresh life to it!

exceedingly well, and her beauty and charm were fortunate in winning for her the affection and chaperonage of several of our very great ladies. When one thinks of it, it is odd that English Society has so few opportunities of seeing how self-composed and accomplished can be a *jeune fille*, especially when she belongs to the great French nobility. The Duchess of Connaught, who has already had many opportunities of meeting Captain Clayton's bride-elect, has taken a great fancy to her, so she will enter British matronhood under the most happy auspices.

It is a curious circumstance that a peer with the historic title of Nelson should be Chairman of that mismanaged body known as the Patriotic Fund Commissioners. Lord Nelson is a very worthy country gentleman, who generally interests himself in the welfare of the Established Church, and especially in the doings of Convocation. He is no more a Nelson than the Duke of Marlborough is a Churchill, both peerages being held through the female line. The Nelsons are really Boltons, while the Churchills are Spencers. The veteran Lord Bridport is the rightful representative of the Hero of Trafalgar, and holds the title conferred on the latter of Duke of Bronte in Sicily, where his vineyards at Castello di Maniace are well known for their productiveness. By the way, we always talk of Trafalgar, but the son and heir of Lord Nelson is called Trafalgar, and so is the family seat, an unpretentious house, very different from Blenheim, near Salisbury.



Colonel Robert Hunter Murray, C.B., C.M.G., has gained so many medals and other decorations for personal services in the battlefield during his military career that he has to wear two rows of ribbon across his chest. The first campaign that he took part in was the Afghan one of 1878-1880, and since then he has been actively employed in Egypt and the Soudan on three separate occasions. He has been severely wounded twice, the last time being at the Battle of the Atbara, in the Nile Expedition of 1898. On the conclusion of this campaign, he was made an "Extra A.D.C." to the Queen. The whole of his regimental service was passed in the Seaforth Highlanders, in which he became Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet just eighteen years ago. In 1892 he became a full Colonel, and since last June has been commanding the 72nd and 79th Regimental Districts at Inverness. He has recently relinquished this appointment, in order to take over the command of the 1st Infantry Brigade at Aldershot.

The medical gentleman to whom belongs the credit of being the originator of the idea that civilian field-hospitals should be employed at "the front" during the war now in progress is Dr. George Stoker. On the 3rd inst. he embarked for South Africa with the staff of Lord Iveagh's "Irish Hospital," of which he is in medical charge until the termination of the voyage. It is then to be assumed by Sir William Thomson, who sailed in advance.

Colonel J. B. B. Dickson, C.B., has already had experience of active service in South Africa, as he served in the Zulu War of 1879 with the Native Carrier Corps that was organised for carrying out the transport arrangements on that occasion. He also went through the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, when he did duty with the Camel Corps that distinguished itself so greatly during this campaign. At the action of Abu Klea he was severely wounded. In May 1897, he was specially



COLONEL MURRAY, C.B., C.M.G., SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS, WHO HAS VOLUNTEERED FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

*Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.*

selected for employment as Commander of the Cavalry Brigade at Colechester. After holding this appointment for nearly two years, he went out to the Straits Settlements, as Colonel on the Staff. He has now relinquished this post, in order to take command of the 4th Cavalry Brigade, which is now on its way to South Africa.

Mr. Parnell's political heir has, at last, succeeded to his heritage. The leader of the Parnellite faction has been appointed Chairman of the united Nationalist Party—a difficult but a powerful post. In choosing Mr. John Redmond to rule over them, the Nationalists chose a man of good social position and dignified manners, a clever Parliamentary hand and a real orator. Mr. Redmond is not so clever as Mr. Healy, but he is more urbane, and he escapes the hatred with which Mr. Healy is regarded by some colleagues. There are two Redmonds. The younger, "Willie Redmond," is always at the front in a fray, defying the Orangemen and trying the temper of the Speaker. The elder is self-controlled, and, although he may follow Mr. Parnell's example in encouraging the party at times to shock the House and defy the authorities, he is not likely to personally participate in practices not strictly decorous.

The seat which Mr. Parnell occupied has usually been taken in recent years by Mr. John Dillon. It is the third from the top of the third bench below the Opposition gangway. On the night following Mr. Redmond's election, Mr. Dillon went away to Ireland. The new leader, however, did not take the vacant seat. He remained in his own old corner at the top of the fourth bench. From there he has an excellent view of the House, and he has the advantage of sitting immediately behind Mr. Healy, who assisted to secure his election, and who not only makes, but unmakes leaders. There is no love lost between Mr. Redmond and the Liberals. He inherited Mr. Parnell's suspicion of British allies.



DR. GEORGE STOKER, WHO HAS GONE TO SOUTH AFRICA WITH LORD IVEAGH'S IRISH HOSPITAL CORPS.

*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*



COLONEL DICKSON, C.B., TO COMMAND THE FOURTH CAVALRY BRIGADE, NOW ON ITS WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA.

*Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

The photograph which I reproduce here is of Miss Olive Heygate, a rising young actress who has lately made a great sensation in St. Petersburg in musical comedy, also in Paris, where she is at present.



MISS OLIVE HEYGATE,

A rising young actress who has lately made a great sensation in St. Petersburg in musical comedy. Photo by Helene de Mrosowsky, St. Petersburg.

I hope, however, she is soon coming back to London to charm a British audience as she has done those abroad.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society is hard at work preparing "Twelfth Night" for performance. The play, as usual, will be put upon the boards the last week before Lent, Feb. 21 to 27, with matinées on the Saturday and Monday. Mr. George Foss, who made such a great success of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" three years ago, is acting as stage-manager, Mr. R. T. Lee, of Oriel, is the secretary, and Mr. G. L. Hoare, Christ Church, the treasurer. There has been some difficulty in arranging the cast, the war having taken away several acting members of the O.U.D.S., but most of the characters are now adequately filled. Mr. H. M. Tennent (Wadham) will play Sir Andrew; Mr. C. A. G. Mackintosh (Oriel), Sir Toby; Mr. E. C. Vigors (Christ Church), Antonio; Mr. B. L. De Fontaine (Keble), Sebastian; Mr. G. P. Langton, Malvolio; Mr. R. T. Lee, Feste; and G. L. Hoare, Fabian. The ladies helping the Society this year are Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who played Anne Page very charmingly three years ago, as Viola; Miss Jessie Ferrar, as Maria; and Miss Rachel Daniel, daughter of the Bursar of Worcester College, as Olivia. Incidental music will be performed by an amateur orchestra, under the direction of Lord Herschell, Magdalen, who has composed several of the numbers himself. Lord Herschell is an extremely clever musician and conductor.

A correspondent, who does not seem to approve of fees at theatres, writes to me thus sadly—

The theatre was Terry's, and the piece was "Jane." Scarcely had I entered, when a lady of determined mien advanced towards me and issued the order, "Leave your coat and hat, please." I left them, and moved on. "Sixpence, please!" was the dread command that followed. Leaving, with much reluctance, the nimble "tanner" behind me, I stepped into the corridor, *en route* for the dress-circle. A programme appeared in my hands: I bowed, and passed on. "Sixpence, please!" came again, in tones that chilled me to the marrow. "Does this system please your patrons?" I asked dolefully, pocketing my change. "It's good for business," was the strange reply. Wondering, I entered the auditorium, but even the subtleties of Lottie Venne could not altogether dispel my sorrows over the wasted "bob."

I have a profound recognition of the invariable courtesy that I have received at the hands of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, but this does not prevent me from thinking that she was well punished in having to pay damages to young Kistermaekers, to the tune of six thousand francs, for not producing "Martie," which had been accepted and rehearsed, within the time fixed by the Society of French Dramatic Authors. Madame Bernhardt accepts plays in the wildest fashion, and is, as a rule, fairly safe from all legal troubles, because the author will wait for years even simply at last to see the "Divine One" in the character he has written round her and for her. When, in desperation, the author withdraws the play from Sarah's possession and mounts it in the small and "on hire" theatres, such as the Nouveau, it is deplorable to see how completely those who attempt to fill the rôle-intended for Madame Bernhardt fail. The Kistermaekers trial will go down to posterity, because it was here

that Madame Bernhardt demanded of the Judges permission to play the part of Portia and appear as her own *avocat*.

If, as announced, the famous Mlle. Cléo de Mérode will, after leaving the Opera, appear in such a small and hidden theatre as the Capucines, it would seem that her ambition had overleaped itself in quitting the National House.

Mr. Charles Lauri wrote me recently as follows—

I notice amongst the photos of some of the principals now playing in "Puss in Boots," at the Garrick Theatre, a capital one of Mr. Edward Lauri, where he is described as my son. I beg to inform you that he is my cousin, and at same time regret that I have not a son so talented. In fact, I am not the fortunate possessor of a son and heir.

All the way from the Indian town of Rajputana comes an exquisite little souvenir, for which *The Sketch* begs to offer best thanks to Messrs. D. H. Shaw and Co. It is a novel birthday greeting, and consists of a beautiful dried fern-leaf, on which is a bird, hand-painted, with suitable inscription. It seems to me such a dainty and pretty curio that Messrs. Shaw might like to introduce it to England through Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co. for Christmas greetings.

Miss Rosie Boote, the charming young lady whose portrait, by Langfrier, I give herewith, is a very lucky girl, for has she not got one of the daintiest and most taking songs in "The Messenger Boy," at the Gaiety—"Maisie," to wit? Miss Boote is not without experience in musical comedy, having played in the hardy "Runaway Girl"; nor is she without knowledge of the way in which a good song should be sung, for, during Miss Palotta's temporary indisposition, *ye faire* Rosie warbled "The Soldiers in the Park" with great success. She is delighted with her present part of Isabel Blyth, but means to play "leads" in the very near future.



MISS ROSIE BOOTE,

Who plays Isabel Blyth in "The Messenger Boy" at the Gaiety, and makes a great "hit" with her song, "Maisie." Photo by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.





WITH GENERAL FRENCH'S COLUMN: WATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE BOERS IN ADVANCE TOWARDS COLESBERG.



WITH GENERAL FRENCH'S COLUMN: RIMINGTON'S SCOUTS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOSKING, CAPE TOWN.

## ROBERT LORAINÉ: ACTOR-WARRIOR.

The number of actors and actresses' husbands who have of late gallantly volunteered to serve their Queen and Country in South Africa will doubtless remind stage-students of that troublous period when, on the Puritans shutting the playhouses, some time in the year 1641 or thereabouts, most of the leading players went out to fight for King Charles against Cromwell and his "Ironsides." Perhaps the most distinguished of those Cavalier Volunteers was the immensely popular actor, Hart, who appears to have been the Terriss of his period. The latest theatrical Volunteer for "the front" is the handsome young actor, Mr. Robert Lorainé, who embarked a few days ago, leaving behind him a most beautiful wife, namely, Miss Julie Opp.

Mr. Robert Lorainé may be adduced as another striking example of heredity. He is the son of the late Mr. Henry Lorainé, who from the early 'fifties downward was a sound and legitimate actor not only of all the playable Shaksperian and Elizabethan "leads," but was also one of the first and best of D'Artagnans—years before his son (one of our latest and liveliest D'Artagnans) was born. Mr. Henry Lorainé, a gentleman who was much esteemed and honoured by all who (like the present writer) had the privilege of his friendship, died only a short time ago.

before his embarkation. In conclusion, it may be added that Mr. Lorainé was recently engaged to play the leading juvenile part in certain plays that were to have been toured in America and England by Miss Ada Rehan. That gifted lady, however, was compelled to abandon her project *pro tem.*, whereupon Mr. Lorainé, proving that his country didn't need to send to find him, buckled on his armour, as it were, and dashed forth with the Montgomery Yeomanry to the war, from which his many admirers will hope that he may soon return safe and sound.

## FRENCH AND HIS FEELERS.

Few officers employed in the field have come more to the front, within the last week or two, than has Lieutenant-General French. During this period, he has been chiefly concerned with the performance of several reconnaissances, having for their object the locating of the Boer force which has recently been operating in the vicinity of Colesberg. In this, he has been conspicuously successful, and the result has been that a considerable portion of the enemy's troops have been invested at this point. On Feb. 5, the welcome news was cabled home that a strong force had been sent to seize Norval's Pont, at the spot where the



COLONEL BABINGTON'S SCOUTS RETURNING TO PIETERMARITZBURG FROM A RECONNOITRING EXPEDITION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BIOGRAPH COMPANY, LTD.

Young Mr. Lorainé (like his father) had the common sense to start in his profession by playing all sorts and conditions of small parts, in all sorts and conditions of companies, thereby gaining considerable experience. When, therefore, he was suddenly engaged at that theatre which has ever been the goal of all actors, namely, Drury Lane, to play the important character of the second hero, Dick Beach, in "The White Heather," it did not surprise those of us who had watched the progress of our dear old friend's promising son to find him scoring an immediate and unmistakable success. From this point the rise of young Lorainé was assured. He was promptly sought after by managers requiring that nowadays rather rare article, a good-looking and good-acting "juvenile lead." As was natural, however, the following season found young Lorainé again treading the sometime classic stage of Old Drury. This time he played the Indian Prince in "The Great Ruby," a character avowedly based in some respects upon our beloved batsman, "Ranji." Again did Mr. Lorainé win golden opinions, although his work this time was of a far more uphill kind than that in "The White Heather." After this, Mr. Lorainé "bobbed up" at all sorts of theatres, playing all sorts of heroes, among these heroes being Dudley Keppel in "One of the Best," D'Artagnan (as aforesaid), and, more recently, the wild young Hibernian Revolutionist in Mr. J. B. Fagan's powerful, if not altogether satisfactory, Irish drama, "The Rebels." Mr. Lorainé's latest appearances were, in fact, in this and other plays, toured by Mrs. Lewis Waller, with whom, unhappily, he found occasion to commence litigation a few days

railway crosses the Orange River. This point was selected by our troops as being the most suitable one at which to stop the advance of Boer reinforcements. Another and perhaps even stronger reason for its occupation by French's men was that it would cut off the retreat of any of the enemy who might effect their escape from Colesberg. Operating to the south-east of General French is General Kelly-Kenny, whose line of advance is in the direction of Stormberg Junction. As a result of this manœuvre, the Boers will also be menaced on their right flank. In conjunction with these movements, General Gatacre has advanced from the south, so that three separate columns are, at the moment of writing, coincidentally closing on some 7000 of the enemy who are occupying a position between Slingersfontein and Colesberg. On the 5th inst. they were so vigorously shelled by our artillery that they were compelled to hurriedly evacuate several of the trenches that they had lately thrown up here.

The actual "objective" of General French's movement is by no means as yet completed. Indeed, in military circles, the opinion prevails generally that some days must elapse before the passage of the Orange River will be really in our hands. As soon as this happens, the way will be clear for a combined advance in a northerly direction, to be superintended, in all probability, by Lord Roberts himself. In connection with the operations of Generals French, Kelly-Kenny, and Gatacre, a special tribute of praise is due to the able assistance afforded by the Colonially raised troops employed with them.





MR. ROBERT LORRAINE,

*The distinguished young actor, who has volunteered for service in South Africa with the Montgomery Imperial Yeomanry. He is here shown in the appropriate character of the dashing D'Artagnan. This photograph is by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*

## CAVALRY REGIMENTS FOR "THE FRONT."

The Fourth Cavalry Brigade, which had for so long been anxiously awaiting embarkation orders, is now well on its way to the Seat of War. It is composed of the 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards, the 8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars, and the 17th (Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers—better known as the "Death or Glory Boys," from their peculiar badge and motto, and, from their attractive dress, perhaps the most popular cavalry regiment with would-be recruits in the Service. It is one of the unique features of the present war that Dragoons, Lancers, and Hussars are brigaded together instead of being divided, as hitherto, into "Heavy" and "Light" Brigades. The famous old "Union Brigade" of Heavies, although all three regiments are in South Africa, does not exist as a Brigade, for the "Royals" are with General Buller, while the Scots Greys and Inniskillings are with Generals French and Gatacre.

Of the Fourth Brigade, the 7th Dragoon Guards is a fine old regiment. Better known to "Tommy" as the "Black Horse," of late

Lancers, and Hussars respectively. The record of the 17th Lancers of recent years runs much the same as that of the 8th, for though the "Death or Glory Boys" saw much early service in North and South America and in India, their first battle-name is "Alma," and for the Crimea they bear the same "honours" as the 8th, as well as "Central India" for the Mutiny. But while the 8th were fighting in Afghanistan, the 17th were in South Africa, where, with the "King's Dragoon Guards," they charged and cut up the Zulus at Ulundi. Now, for the first time since they charged at Balaklava and took part in the siege of Sebastopol, they are brigaded with the Royal Irish Hussars, and with their arrival in South Africa, five of our six Lancer regiments will be at "the front."

## MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

Major-General Sir William Nicholson, K.C.B., appointed Adjutant-General in South Africa, is an exceptionally distinguished and capable



LADY NICHOLSON AND HER FOX-TERRIER, "BOB."  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHNSTON AND HOFFMANN, CALCUTTA.

years it has been remarkably successful in inter-regimental competitions, shooting and otherwise. After fighting at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Dettingen, and many another battle not borne as "honours," "Ligonier's Horse" (so called after their famous Colonel, whose ancient motto has but lately been granted the regiment) had a long rest, for their next distinction is "South Africa, 1846-7." Then came another long interval, till for their splendid services in Egypt, where, after the dispersal of Arabi Pasha's army, they took part in the march of Sir Drury Lowe's Brigade on Cairo, they added "Egypt, 1882," and "Tel-el-Kebir" to their standards.

The 8th Hussars and the 17th Lancers are old comrades, for both regiments formed part of the famous "Light Brigade" of Crimean days, under Lord Cardigan. The 8th saw much service in the early years of the regiment's history in Portugal, Spain, Flanders, and later in Egypt, and in 1806 at the Cape; but their first and second "honours" are Indian, "Leswarree" and "Hindoostan." Then came four "honours" for the Crimea, then "Central India," and last of all they took part in the Afghanistan Campaign under "Bobs." Of the four Irish cavalry regiments, three will now be at "the front," Dragoons,

Staff Officer. He served in the Afghan Campaign of 1879-80, and was present in the actions of Shuturgardan and Latabund, taking part also in the march to the relief of Kandahar and subsequent battle of Sept. 1. He received the medal with three clasps, the bronze star, and Brevet-Majority. During the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 he was in the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and received the medal with clasp, the bronze star, and Fourth-Class Osmanieh. He was "A.A.G." with the Headquarters Staff throughout the Burmese War, being eventually given the medal with clasp and made Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel, and he also served with great distinction in the Tirah Campaign of 1897. Now, Sir William is to take up a responsible post in South Africa, and it may with confidence be predicted that there, as elsewhere, he will soon make his presence felt.

Lady Nicholson is a good sportswoman and first-class rifle-shot. She founded the Rawal-Pindi and Murree Ladies' Rifle and Golf Club, of which she is Vice-President, Lady Lockhart, wife of the Commander-in-Chief in India, being President. Lady Nicholson is also a member of the St. Andrews, Wimbledon, Brighton and Hove, and Cannes Ladies' Golf Clubs.





MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. G. NICHOLSON, K.C.B., R.E.,  
APPOINTED ADJUTANT-GENERAL ON LORD ROBERTS' STAFF IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE LATE MR. F. C. ROGERS, IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE.

*Who was killed at Ladysmith on Jan. 6, and of whom Major Karri Davis heliographed to Mr. Rogers senior, at Maritzburg, "Frank died doing his duty." The father of this gallant young trooper was practically the founder of the Imperial Light Horse.*



NATAL VOLUNTEERS FOLLOWING THEIR BRAVE COMRADES TO THE GRAVE AT LADYSMITH.

*Whenever possible, those of our men who are killed in and around Ladysmith are buried at the Ladysmith Cemetery, to which this cortège of the Natal Carbiniers and Border Mounted Rifles is just moving. These Photographs are by Horace W. Nicholl, Johannesburg.*





COLONEL SALTMARSH AND CAPTAIN BUDD, R.G.A., ON BOARD S.S. "CANADA," OUTWARD BOUND.

COLONEL SALTMARSH HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO THE CHIEF COMMAND OF THE SIEGE-TRAIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH,

*The clever actress who is playing in "His Excellency the Governor," at the Criterion, before going on tour with Mr. John Hare in "The Gay Lord Ques."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.





MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH,

*Whose valuable services Mr. Wyndham has secured for the part of Georgiana Tidman in his revival of "Dandy Dick," at his new Theatre.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.

## THE BENSON RÉPERTOIRE COMPANY AT THE LYCEUM.

"Why should London wait?" is the question the Metropolitan playgoer has asked himself several times of late years when hearing that the big cities of the provinces—to say nothing of Stratford-on-Avon—and the sister kingdoms have enjoyed admirable productions of Shaksperian plays, many unseen in the "little village" during a quarter of a century, or even since the 'fifties.

London is to wait no longer, since, after an interval of about ten years, Mr. F. R. Benson to-morrow evening presents himself, his charming wife, and excellent répertoire company at the Lyceum. The company is truly that répertoire company the value and imagined non-existence of which has been written and spoken about for years in our ignorant, monstrous Metropolis. For the Benson Company has played during the last few years, and can play you at short notice and without recruiting, twenty-odd of Shakspeare's plays, two of Sheridan's, and one of Goldsmith's. Think of a company with a répertoire of twenty-odd of Shakspeare's—all produced very handsomely and reverently, and acted in admirable style, though, of course, some much better than others! I give the list as a curiosity, without attempting any classification—

"Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus," "Timon of Athens," "Henry the Fourth, Part II," "Henry the Fifth," one part of "Henry the Sixth," "Richard the Second," "Richard the Third," "Antony and Cleopatra," "The Tempest," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merchant of Venice," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Comedy of Errors," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Twelfth Night." Of these, no less than eight have not been seen in public since 1879, when Mr. Calvert's version was revived, and George Rignold was the King, under the late Sir Augustus Harris, at Drury Lane.

I am very glad that Mr. Benson begins his season with "Henry the Fifth,"

for, of all the works by great dramatists, it is the most inspiringly patriotic. Dr. Johnson's remark may be true that the brave King's prophecy that St. Crispin's Day, "the 25th of October," "shall ne'er go by, from this day to the ending of the world, but we in it shall be remembered," has been falsified; and more 's the pity! And it is a good thing, at a time when many of us are taking a pessimistic view, to see this proud play, fullest of all of the strong English spirit. I had the good-fortune to see it when produced by Mr. Benson in 1897 at the Stratford Festival, when, though hampered by the smallness of the stage of the Memorial Theatre, he and his enthusiastic company gave a spirited and brilliant rendering. It may be noted that in his season, "Henry the Fifth," "Richard the Second," and "The Tempest" are the chief novelties, and they form three of the eight plays to be given during the eight weeks. There is, however, another novelty, since "Hamlet" is to be given in its entirety during the third week, one half during the afternoon, and the other at the evening performance.

It would hardly be wise to speak now of the actual performances

of the members of a company who won warm admiration from the provincial critics as well as from London playgoers sufficiently interested in drama to make a pilgrimage from the Metropolis. After all, Londoners must expect to judge for themselves, or, at least, to act on the opinions of those of their own critics in whom they have confidence. It may be regretted that fuller opportunity is not given Mrs. Benson, formerly known as Miss Constance Featherstonhaugh, to show her versatility—at least, I regret that she cannot give us her performance as Doll Tearsheet, in which she appears to have had an immense success. However, if Londoners are anxious to see the Second Part of "Henry the Fourth," which has been one of the most successful of the Benson Company revivals, their simple course is to give the company such a hearty welcome as their work deserves, and then we shall have their visit as a regular institution, and London will lose the reproach of being grotesquely behind the times so far as the productions of our national dramatist are concerned. The play in question is

one associated with a memorable Sadler's Wells management in the 'fifties, and has not, I believe, been acted in this country between 1874—when given by Mr. Charles Calvert at Manchester, when Phelps appeared, doubling the parts of Shallow and the King—and its revival by Mr. Benson as a four-act piece at the Stratford Memorial Festival.

It is, indeed, with Samuel Phelps that Mr. F. R. Benson is constantly compared as manager, since both have shown a like splendid enthusiasm in accomplishing their life-task of giving to the public worthy productions of the highest possible merit, in which reliance is placed, not upon the gorgeousness of mounting, which in some cases seems almost an insult to the author, but on a well-studied, handsome presentation, so far as show is concerned, and upon sincere and intelligent performances of all the parts, from the greatest to the least. Upon this point I might quote a passage from an article which appeared last year in the *Glasgow Herald*: "It is the indisputable fact that, by his beautiful and appropriate staging, and by his scholarly interpretation of the plays, he (Mr. Benson) has, in many quarters where interest was at best but lukewarm, over-

come indifference and apathy, and awakened a deep sympathy with the higher aims and aspirations of dramatic art." I should like to have quoted passages from the Liverpool papers concerning his classical English drama season in 1897, when during four weeks eleven plays of Shakspeare and one of Sheridan were given, but questions of space interfere.

It will be remembered that during his season at the Globe in 1889 he gave "Othello," "Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" during a comparatively short season. That, of course, was long before his company had reached its full development, yet many of the younger middle-aged playgoers have most agreeable memories of his season, and some feel that, for reasons which it is not necessary now to discuss, his efforts received far less than their due share of praise. Now, however, one may fairly hope and expect that, although coming at what is, in some respects, an unfortunate moment, the Benson Répertoire Company will receive such support as will cause it to become a regular London institution.



MR. F. R. BENSON AS HENRY THE FIFTH (BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT).

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.



MR. AND MRS. F. R. BENSON



MR. F. R. BENSON AS HAMLET.  
*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



MRS. F. R. BENSON AS OPHELIA.  
*Photo by Guy and Co., Ltd., Cork.*



MR. F. R. BENSON AS RICHARD II.  
*Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfast.*



MRS. F. R. BENSON AS DOLL TEARSHEET IN "HENRY IV." (PART II.).  
*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*



A JADE.

FROM A PAINTING BY P. EARL.





BOLTING.

FROM A PAINTING BY P. EARL.

## PAST "HENRY THE FIFTH'S."

Mr. Benson, whose refined and earnest treatment of Shakspeare should make his forthcoming season at the Lyceum both welcome and interesting, begins his venture, as aforesaid, with "Henry the Fifth," a play which should prove unusually attractive to the younger generation



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A DRURY LANE  
PLAY-BILL DATED NOV. 17, 1879.

of playgoers who have never had the opportunity of seeing this most spirited and martial drama, whose stirring speeches will strike a chord already vibrating in a city that at present throbs with warlike aspirations, and that gives the stage-manager an opportunity for the display of his talent in the arrangement of all the panoply of "glorious war." Seldom indeed, considering the attractiveness of this play even as a show, has "Henry the Fifth" been produced by the more important of Metropolitan managers. Garrick gave the play in 1747, but, somewhat curiously, considering his gifts, he did not select the martial Harry; that part he resigned to the finely figured Spranger Barry, and contented himself with the part of Chorus, the magnificent speeches being

doubtless rendered with remarkable effect. John Philip Kemble, when manager of the Lane, 1788-9, produced "Henry the Fifth," among other Shakspeare revivals, and it may be gathered that in the part was but fairly successful.

He is said to have made a better King than he did in the parts of Richard and John, and a fine point was the way in which he started up from prayer and penitence at the sound of the trumpet. In 1819, Macready played the Warrior-King, and played it with that rare intelligence and fire for which his finest assumptions were always remarkable. The play was regarded as one of the very finest of his many brilliant achievements.

One of the saddest occasions on which this play was ever given to a London audience was in 1830, when Edmund Kean, whose brilliant gifts had, alas, been desperately dimmed by most violent excess, selected "Henry the Fifth" for what proved to be his last essay in a new Shaksperian part. The great tragedian completely forgot his part—broke down, muttered some deprecatory sentences, referred brokenly to himself as the representative of Shakspeare's heroes, and lamented (at a little over forty!) his decaying memory. Let the curtain fall upon such fallen greatness. In his memorable series of Shakspeare revivals at Sadler's Wells, Phelps naturally included "Henry the Fifth." It was far from being one of his finest assumptions, but his great speech to his soldiers was given with fiery and intense delivery that roused his audiences to boundless enthusiasm.

Another Shakspeare revivalist, Charles Kean, also included this play at the Princess's. It was his last Shaksperian production, its initial performance being in March 1859. The scenery, dresses, armour, and arrangement were admirable, and the Manager's "Harry" was something more than a respectable performance. Charles Kean gave the part of Chorus (an innovation this, I think) to his gifted wife (Ellen Tree), who was remarkably successful. In the last quarter of a century, I can recall two performances of this play, both of which had a good deal of merit.

It was, I think, in September 1876 that, at the Queen's, Mr. Coleman produced it, linking to it as a Prologue a portion of the Second Part of "Henry the Fourth." At any rate, Phelps appeared as the old King Henry IV., while the part of the young Prince in the Prologue, the monarch of the play, was assumed by Mr. Coleman.

The play was sadly dislocated, and "mended," and the result certainly did not justify the means. Phelps was impressive, of course, and Mr. Coleman was a master of clear elocution. Other names familiar to later playgoers were included in the cast—Mr. Ryder, Miss Fowler, and lively Miss Kate Phillips; the last was the boy, who waits on Bardolph.

Some three years later, towards the close of 1879, Mr. George Rignold appeared as Henry the Fifth at Drury Lane. With his fine presence, his fine voice, his manly bearing, and excellent delivery, he could not fail to make a striking and effective Prince. I have always regretted Mr. Rignold's departure to the Antipodes, for to me it appeared that he was one of our few modern actors to whom the satisfactory presentment of heroic parts was possible. Mr. Rignold was but indifferently supported on this occasion, Mr. Ryder's being the only name of any eminence in the remainder of the cast; but there was life and bustle, action and spectacle, and the performance, on the whole, leaves a pleasant recollection. Sir Augustus Harris could not have opened his successful Drury Lane management with a more patriotic play than Shakspeare's "Henry the Fifth."

W. C. F.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Is all gaiety wrong now? Is a Mark Tapley, a Baden-Powell, or even a Piper Findlater temperament unpatriotic, and was the piper guilty of a frivolous levity when he blew his bagpipes with a bullet through his ankles? The Queen gives a formal luncheon-party, a Princess goes to the play, and the Socialist unjustly and senselessly cries shame upon the callous indifference of the aristocracy.

The elaborate trivialities of the Bastille scene in "The Only Way" — the guillotine a few yards off—are almost repulsive. But the "oh-this-awful-war" section of Society, too morbid to be able to laugh in the presence of danger itself, therefore thinks it wrong. We have not to affect solemnity; the Angel of Death and the beating of his wings are quite near enough. The fastest run with the hounds this season, in the smartest society, has had its dash of sadness. As during the Crimean War, all sports have suffered, and will suffer.

Amid the careless light-heartedness of their elders, curiously enough, the young men of the House of Commons—Mr. Wyndham and Sir Edward Grey—not old enough to be flippant about what is serious, have given dignity to its debates. Is the new century to be a young man's century? Mr. T. P. O'Connor (whose own income in his thirties ran well into four figures) hopes for a younger House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone gave the impression that a politician started life at sixty. Count von Moltke, Mr. Sims Reeves—shall I say Dr. Grace?—have supported the old-man theory; yet has not Lord Curzon, one of the great young men of the day, an axiom that one must be successful at thirty or never? The ex-Sirdar is not yet fifty, the new one not yet forty. Napoleon's first campaign, when he was rawest, was his best.

The books of Mr. Winston Churchill and the late G. W. Steevens (how strange the words sound!) are those not of boys, but of masters. Mr. Max Beerbohm writes like a careworn veteran, except, indeed, for a reassuring self-confidence—and may not this infallibility of youth be the secret of its success? The world makes way for the man who knows his own mind. A schoolboy, Collins, has thrown Dr. Grace into the shade, and Herr Dohnányi, engaged up to the hilt for this season already, to a stranger would appear another schoolboy. Happily, the infant-prodigy period, during which a musician's powers declined at fifteen, has passed. The too-old-at-twenty problem was too serious to last, except in a few newspaper offices where superannuation occurs as early as in the profession of Chinese Emperor.

The want of one of the three elements of success defined by Ian Maclaren—to be fairly stout—can be corrected in the young man by careful dieting; youth itself is a crime which will yield to time. It is the old question of experience versus energy. It has been remarked how many Empire-builders are bachelors. Now, carping critics demand newer blood for the War Office; and perhaps the Boers are right to retire General Joubert.

It will be a dull Season—one of those sleek leading articles says we should think of more serious things just now, but, being on the same sheet as three columns of racing and a divorce case, it does look a trifle hypocritical. Those gone to "the front," the families in mourning, and those who cannot face a Season with increased taxes and prices—all three classes will be missed from Society, and all three are large. Whatever it may be in the regions lying to the East, the West-End shops—perhaps it is their interest to say so—declare that they will hardly be able to pay their rents. There is one remedy: our friends should advertise freely in *The Sketch*.

What is the new tax to be? Scores have been proposed by outsiders—each enough to ruin a Chancellor of the Exchequer for life. But, as serious suggestions, why not levy tolls from the *matinée-hat*, the drawing-room reciter (who would carry a badge), the problem novel, and the amateur strategist. Assuredly our cigars and wine will help to pay for "hammering Paul." To hand half-a-crown to the Treasury for every bottle of wine we drink, and sixpence whenever we buy a cigar, would be irritating. But include these in the price, and we are being taxed, like the man who talked prose, without knowing it—just as, in signing a receipt for a thousand pounds, we forget in the enthusiasm of the moment that we are being mulcted in the sum of one penny stamp.

HILL ROWAN.



## MISS TOUPIE LOWTHER, AN ENTHUSIASTIC FENCER,

WHO APPEARED IN "THE MASQUE OF WAR AND PEACE," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

During the last few years, fencing as an exercise has been in high favour among Society women, but, although there are a vast number of ladies who fence, there are very few lady fencers, in England at least.

This sounds like a contradiction in terms, but is not so in reality. The majority of women who handle the foil regard fencing more as a graceful exercise than as an art; they may perform the movements with perfect accuracy, but they lack what is known as "serious force." They have no initiative, and depend solely on the voice of their instructor when practising, or on careful coaching if they take part in an assault-at-arms.

Among the small minority who may be said to fence with their brains, Miss Toupie Lowther, whose fencing display was one of the prominent features in "The Masque of War and Peace," at Her Majesty's Theatre, stands pre-eminent in England, as she should do, since from her earliest childhood she has devoted the greater part of her time to assiduous practice of the art. Her education as a fencer began when she was quite a tiny girl, and her first lessons were taken at McPherson's famous *salle d'armes*, of which she is still an *habitué*. Later, she went to Paris, where she made extraordinary progress, and gained various prizes and honours; while, only last year, she spent several months in Italy, for the sole purpose of studying the Italian school of fencing, which, like the German, differs considerably from the graceful French school.

The Italians use the straight guard, and a longer, heavier foil, and rely more on mere strength than do the French, who employ agility and finesse in preference to brute force.

"The difference between the two schools is marvellous, when one comes to put both into practice," Miss Lowther said, when I interrogated her on her favourite subject. "The first time I fenced with an Italian, he courteously employed the French style, and I beat him easily. But when I begged him to fence in the Italian manner, things were changed indeed, and I was quite at a loss. It seemed impossible to get

past that immovable, iron guard, like this"—she illustrated the position with an umbrella that happened to be at hand—"and then, just when I least expected it, he was past my guard and got in a splendid thrust. The Italians are much noisier than the French; they do a lot of stamping and shouting, and endeavour all the time to fluster their opponent. He certainly flustered me that first time, but I was soon able to meet him on his own ground."

"And, as a result of your practice in both schools, which of the two do you prefer?"

"That is rather difficult to say. Both are extremely interesting, though, of course, the French school is far more graceful. But I certainly think that a combination of the French and Italian systems

would be best for practical fighting purposes. I don't mean to infer that women who fence will necessarily develop into fighters," Miss Lowther hastened to explain apropos this last idea. "Indeed, so far as actual fighting is concerned, I do not think women will ever excel; they lack the fighting instinct inherent in most men. It is the artistic side of fencing that appeals to women and renders it such an exhilarating and absorbing pursuit."

"But don't you think that women—of course, I am not speaking of enthusiasts like yourself, but of women who fence just because it is the fashion to do so—will soon tire of it, and drop it for some newer pastime?"

"Well, I don't consider such women *fencers* at all. They only pose; they do not fence. But, when once a woman really takes to fencing, she does not drop it again, as she might drop tennis, or golf, or cycling. It is impossible to lose interest in it. There is always something new to learn, and a lifetime seems insufficient to thoroughly master the art."

"Do you think that fencing is ever injurious to women?"

"Injurious? Certainly not! It ought to be considered a necessary part of every girl's education. It is the most perfect exercise for both body and brain, and not half so dangerous as either gymnastics or cycling."

Miss Lowther is, in appearance, a typical fencer: tall, graceful, alert, with keen grey-blue eyes, and a magnificent complexion, the result of perfect health.

She has participated in numerous fencing contests, including one, about two years ago, that took place at Aldershot, in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, when she easily vanquished all her opponents in turn; and she also won signal honours at Oxford in the famous display arranged by Sir Frederick Pollock, who pronounces her the second-best lady fencer in the world, the best being a French-

woman, a professional *maitresse d'escrime*. Another expert fencer is Lady Colin Campbell, who has written several valuable essays on the art of fencing, and was the first to advocate it as an ideal exercise for women, while nearly all famous actresses are also good fencers, from Sarah Bernhardt downwards. The "divine Sarah," indeed, attributes her inimitable grace of movement and her truly extraordinary vitality to the fact that from her earliest youth she has been an enthusiastic fencer, and every day of her busy life she contrives to spare time for at least one hour's practice with her favourite *maitre d'escrime*. E. M. T.



MISS LOWTHER.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

## THE VICEROY'S VISIT TO LUCKNOW.

The accompanying photograph is a memento of Lord and Lady Curzon's recent visit to Lucknow. Their Excellencies were received by Sir Antony MacDonnell, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and other officers, at the Cantonment Railway Station of the Oudh and Rohilkund Railway.

The officials had spared no pains to decorate their premises in an absolutely unique fashion. Each section of the railway, traffic, "loco.," and engineering, was represented in the *salle d'attente* prepared for the reception of the Viceregal party. Trophies were arranged on the walls, composed of every tool in use in the construction of railways—of lamps, line-clear hoops, cash-boxes, and leather bags used by guards in conveying cash receipts from wayside stations to headquarters, of carriage-keys, whistles, ticket-clips, and badges, &c. On one side of the hall was to be found a miniature model of a 12-in-1-inch gauge; on another, a complete set of small telegraph-poles with telephonic apparatus attached. A railway fire-engine with hose and buckets stood near the entrance, which was further embellished by a signal-post with

## LORD DUNDONALD'S GRANDFATHER.

Bank-notes, as most folks know, return to the fold of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" when their more or less lengthy financial wanderings are over, and, having been duly cancelled—that is, the name of the Chief Cashier who signs them having been torn off—there they remain for a specified time, in case it should be necessary to inspect them, and they are then burned in "a furnace of fire."

But, as a matter of fact, there are notes within the "Old Lady's" strong-rooms which have escaped this direful fate (or shall I say, fireful date?). These are notes which for some reason, historic or otherwise, possess a special interest and thus are preserved as mementoes with scrupulous care.

Among such curiosities may be mentioned that bank-note for £1000 with which the celebrated sailor, Lord Cochrane, the grandfather of our dashing and inventive leader of cavalry in Natal, paid the iniquitous fine that a partial Government inflicted upon him. In 1814, in the stirring times of Napoleon, when Europe still trembled at any rumour concerning the Man of Destiny, the City thrilled with the story



GROUP OF LORD AND LADY CURZON, THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AND LADY MACDONNELL, MAJOR-GENERAL AND MRS. JENNINGS, AND THE VICEREGAL PARTY, ON THE OCCASION OF THE GENERAL'S GARDEN-PARTY TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES AT LUCKNOW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED MITCHELL AND CO., LUCKNOW.

the arm showing "Line clear" to their Excellencies. The whole display was novel and striking in the extreme, and much credit is due to Mr. A. Pope, the Traffic Superintendent, Mr. Murray, the Station-Master, and their staff, for the ingenuity and taste displayed in the arrangement of their "Railway Museum."

The photograph reproduced was taken at the large garden-party given towards the end of the week by Major-General Jennings, commanding the District, in honour of the Viceroy and Lady Curzon. It includes, besides the Viceroy and Lady Curzon and some members of their Staff, Major-General and Mrs. Jennings (the latter with her small grandson, dressed in the uniform of the 6th Bengal Cavalry, formerly commanded by General Jennings, and wearing his grandfather's medals in miniature), Sir Antony and Lady and Miss MacDonnell, Mr. Hardy (Commissioner of Lucknow), Mrs. Hardy, Mr. Deas (Judicial Commissioner), Mrs. Deas, and Mrs. Buck.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

of his death, and, in sympathy with this national relief, the Stocks leaped up.

There were not lacking enemies of the plucky sailor who declared that he had spread the lie to reap a profit on the Exchange, and, in spite of his excellent defence, in spite of a widespread feeling that he could be guilty of no such meanness, the Admiral to whom his country owed so much was condemned to pay a fine of £1000.

His constituents in Westminster, I believe, raised the money by subscriptions of a penny; at any rate, Cochrane paid his fine with a £1000-note, and was released from the Grated Chamber of the King's Bench Prison on July 3, 1815. On the historic note Cochrane endorsed a stinging indictment of his unpatriotic enemies. I cannot recall the exact wording of this immortal protest of the gallant salt, but I know that it is to the effect that, his health having been greatly impaired by his long imprisonment, and his persecutors having determined to rob him of either his money or his life, he decided to submit to the robbery, as an evil less than his murder—and he expressed a hope that he might live to see justice done to himself and his accusers.

Some twenty years later, William IV., the "Sailor King," reinstated his famous and gallant sailor-subject in all the honours of which he had been so unjustly deprived, and the aspiration preserved on the note with which he paid his fine was amply fulfilled.





RUDYARD KIPLING'S LATEST SUBJECT: THE CANADIAN RANCHMAN.

*Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a new poem, which forms a sequel to "The White Man's Burden," the sentiment being woven around the phrase, "The cup that the white man drinks." In the verses Mr. Kipling suggests that Great Britain is drinking the cup of humiliation to the dregs, but that the result will be the strengthening of the Empire. The verses, which are copyright in this country, have been specially cabled over to Canada by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who has charged Mr. W. A. Fraser, the well-known Canadian author, to dispose of them for the benefit of the Canadian Patriotic Fund.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

According to the best information, the book-trade, both in England and Scotland, was considerably affected at Christmas. The usual pressure was not experienced. There was a great falling-off in the sale of fine-art works, which are more and more used as Christmas-presents. Since Christmas there has been a slight recovery, and there is a demand at present for readable new novels. Miss Cholmondeley's "Red Pottage" is the book of the day, and its sales are now over forty thousand. Forty thousand may be said in these days to mean a great popular success, and comparatively very few books reach that figure.

In America the year has been singularly prosperous. The holiday season exceeded all experience in the amount of business done, and the four popular novels of America, "David Harum," "Richard Carvel," "Janice Meredith," and "When Knighthood was in Flower" taxed the resources of their several publishers beyond their limit, so that at no time were they fully up to the orders. An American journal rejoices in the fact that the most popular books in America are by American authors. "Trilby" is now completely forgotten, though a short five years ago American readers went mad over it. Another book which had an

The reminiscences of the famous American journalist, Mr. Edwin L. Godkin, are to be published in the autumn. Mr. Godkin, as the editor of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, fought many a hard battle, and had a powerful influence in America. He is a terse, trenchant, and fearless writer, and there can be little doubt that his new work will provoke much controversy.

I understand that Mr. F. T. Bullen is writing a novel. If it is as good as many of his sketches are, it should attract attention. It seems that Mr. G. W. Stevens was able to write very little of his projected story, "John King."

In the *Life of the Duchess of Teck* it is rather amusing to find that the German is not immaculate, but the book has been done with such conscientiousness and is written by Mr. Kinloch Cooke in such excellent taste that the slight slips may very easily be forgiven.

There is an incident told of Princess Mary's childhood which shows how great a revolution has taken place in the dress of children. They were dressed in the 'thirties like miniature copies of their elders, and Queen Adelaide once presented the little five-year-old Princess with a large bonnet covered with feathers, which she thought did not suit herself! The Princess remembered being taken from Kensington Palace



NO. 1 GENERAL HOSPITAL, WYNBERG, SOUTH AFRICA: A WARD IN THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

A writer, who has visited Wynberg, described in last week's "Sketch" the admirable provisions made in this military hospital for the comfort of the wounded.

immense circulation in America five years ago and is now forgotten is "Chimmie Fadden." "The Bonnie Brier Bush," one of the best-selling books of 1895, has still a circulation, while a book of a very different kind, Nordan's "Degeneration," is found to be utterly and hopelessly stagnant. Dr. Conan Doyle's detective stories, after many months of comparative neglect, have become popular again, presumably on account of Mr. Gillette's dramatisation of "Sherlock Holmes." It may be very confidently predicted that in five years the four popular American novels of the day will be quite as dead as "Trilby."

Did Dickens in his Harold Skimpole give a true picture of Leigh Hunt? It is usual to answer the question in the negative, but Mr. R. B. Marston has sent to the *Publishers' Circular* a letter by Leigh Hunt which appeared in the *Standard* of Jan. 22, 1828; and has never been reprinted. In this, Hunt defends himself from the attacks made on him for publishing his work on Lord Byron. Leigh Hunt complains that Byron was very niggardly in giving him money, though he asked for it in dribblets. He goes on to say: "The commonest rules of arithmetic were, by a singular chance, omitted in my education. I do not agree with the writer who spoke the other day of the 'degrading obligations of private friendship.' God forbid I should be such a traitor to those whose friendship elevated while it assisted me, and whom it is a transport to me, whenever I think of it, to have been indebted to. I see beyond that." I think Dickens had these words, or words like them, in his mind.

to Marlborough House, where the Queen Dowager then resided, and crying all the way because she did not think the bonnet became her.

Some of the literary criticisms in the *Duchess of Teck's Journal* are shrewd and frank. On New Year's Day 1863, she was reading "Lady Audley's Secret," "which I think a provoking book. It feverishly interests one, and one hurries on to know the secret and end (both of which are disappointing) without caring to look back at any page or passage, even for the writing's sake." "Hypatia" was another novel which greatly interested the Royal circle. The Duchess was indefatigable as a reader aloud, and would go on from after dinner till midnight without a pause. Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands" was unfavourably criticised by the Princess Mary. "The book is full of Americanisms, and, with the exception of the last few pages, is uninteresting, and 'self' predominates too much." On the same page we read, "Finished dear, interesting 'Hard Times.'"

The detailed comments on the Crimean War will be read with particular interest at present. There are signs in the *Journal* of the extreme nervous worry of the time: "This dreadful state of suspense begins to tell on one's nerves as well as spirits, and all one can do is to pray that those near and dear to us may be mercifully spared, and that the hitherto glorious campaign may be speedily brought to a victorious end, crowned by the taking of Sebastopol." o. o.





MISS NINA SEVERING, PLAYING IN "FLORODORA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

# "THE SKETCH" COMEDIES.

## IN A HILL-STATION.

BY ESTELLE BURNET

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SCENE: *A bungalow in an Indian hill-station; low-ceilinged room with a big window leading on to verandah at left, door at back; one or two hunting pictures upon the wall; two low easy-chairs on each side of verandah; small table in the centre, on which are some photographs.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: MRS. PLATT, a tall, dark, handsome woman, age twenty-seven; CAPTAIN PLATT, her husband, the typical sporting Englishman, tall, fair, clean-looking, age about thirty.

MRS. PLATT is discovered pacing up and down the room, in great agitation. Turning back from the verandah for the second time, she hears a knock; runs back to the verandah, looks eagerly out, taking care to conceal herself behind the curtain, evidently watching someone arrive. The door opens. She remains motionless, evidently trying to control herself. [Enter CAPTAIN PLATT. He closes the door carefully behind him.

PLATT (in a low voice). He's here! (Mrs. P., her hands clasped nervously, neither speaks nor moves) I told 'em to show him into my den. (He fidgets about the room, straightens the matting, moves a chair, &c.)

MRS. P. Well?

PLATT (doubtfully). Well, I suppose I'd better go in?

MRS. P. I suppose so.

PLATT. My God! This is a pretty business, and no mistake! (Mrs. PLATT sinks into a chair. PLATT moves slowly towards the door.) Milly! (Mrs. P. looks up.) I say, Milly, you are a deuced clever woman, and all that, and you wouldn't make a mistake about a serious thing like this, of course; only, don't you know, you might. I mean, you are a bit hasty sometimes, and—well, I don't exactly know how to put it; but you've a way—bein' so jolly clever yourself, you know—of thinkin' a feller means a lot more than he really does mean, don't you know? (A pause) Eh?

MRS. P. I didn't speak.

PLATT. Good Lord! I've known this chap since we were boys together at Rugby. If you'd asked me this time yesterday, I'd have said there wasn't a truer man nor a better sportsman to be found. No, nor a better friend to me.

MRS. P. Indeed!

PLATT. And here have I got to go in there and blackguard him up hill and down dale, and, 'pon my soul, I hardly know what it's all about. [Mrs. P. laughs scornfully.

PLATT. Yes; anyway, he'd never paid you the least attention before, had he now?

MRS. P. Hadn't he? Oh!

PLATT. Well, he hadn't, had he?

MRS. P. Very well, then. We'll say it was a mistake, and drop the subject.

PLATT (looking at her doubtfully). I say, Milly, d'you really mean that?

MRS. P. Of course I do!

PLATT. I think it's the wisest thing we could do—drop the whole business.

MRS. P. So do I—much! It will be so much more comfortable for everybody, won't it?

PLATT. I'll tell him I sent for him to grant him his leave.

MRS. P. And you might tell him, too, that you think most highly of his conduct as an officer and a gentleman.

PLATT. Oh! I shan't tell him that, shall I?

MRS. P. Why not? And you might add that, as to his insulting your wife, you think that rather funny than otherwise.

PLATT (suspiciously). Eh?

MRS. P. And that, if he cares to do it again, he's quite welcome; and he'd better tell all the other subalterns to do likewise.

PLATT. By Gad, Milly, you're jokin'!

MRS. P. Oh dear, no!

PLATT. Look here, d'you think I ought to drop the business, or don't you?

MRS. P. That depends whether you mind—

PLATT. Mind what?

MRS. P. My being insulted by any creature who chooses to come here.

PLATT. Good Heavens! Milly, look here! You keep on saying you've been insulted. What *did* happen? He came in here last evening, after I had gone. Wasn't that it?

MRS. P. I have told you once.

PLATT. It must have been soon after, because, when I left, you said you were tired and should go to bed early.

MRS. P. Did I?

PLATT. Yes. Don't you recollect, you were coming with me over to Billy Rankin's to dine—they expected you, you know; and then, at the last minute, you said you wouldn't go—you didn't feel quite the thing?

MRS. P. I was tired.

PLATT. I knew you felt queerish, because you always like going to

Rankin's. You used to say that the ride home in the moonlight repaid you for Mrs. Rankin's after-dinner chatter, and was dirt-cheap at the price.

MRS. P. Yes, yes; I felt ill.

PLATT. And yet you wouldn't hear of my staying with you.

MRS. P. There was no need to spoil your pleasure.

PLATT. And then he came. Now, that's what I can't understand. How the deuce did he know you hadn't gone to Rankin's with me?

MRS. P. (starts, and then collects herself). Somebody must have told him.

PLATT. Why, how could they? You only made up your mind just before we were going to start.

MRS. P. (rising). Oh, don't cross-examine me, please! I was alone, and he came. Who told him to come, or when they told him, or how they told him, I don't know. I know he did come. He did come.

PLATT. And, when I got back, you were pacing up and down like a mad thing, and the first thing I heard was somebody had been and said something, and I was to kill him and what not; and, now, here he is waiting to be killed, and I'm dashed if I know what he did say!

MRS. P. Say?

PLATT. Well, come now, what did he say?

MRS. P. I'd rather not tell you.

PLATT. You must tell—by Gad, you must! Did he—did he make love to you? [Mrs. P. turns her head away.

PLATT (anxiously). Milly, look at me! Do you mean to say he was blackguard enough to— Did he tell you he loved you?

MRS. P. (still with her head averted, after a minute's hesitation). Yes.

PLATT (dropping her hand). God! Last night—said he loved you?

MRS. P. Practically.

PLATT (going quietly towards door). You should have told me this at once. (Exit)

MRS. P. (rushing towards door). George! George! No, he didn't say that—he didn't say that! Too late! (She sinks on her knees at the door, closes her eyes in breathless agitation.) You fool—you fool—you mad, mad fool! (Jumps up resolutely.) They shall none of them ever see me again. (She goes towards table, takes pen and paper, and writes feverishly for a minute or two.) I'll write to him. No, I can't—I can't; it's too fearful! What will they say of me? (Tears letter up.) They shall find me without a word. (She runs to door, listens attentively, gives a bitter little laugh.) Poor George! (She gets up again, and paces up and down with clenched hands.) How dared he! How dared he!

[Re-enter PLATT. He closes door, and stands abstractedly pulling his moustache.

MRS. P. Is he gone?

PLATT. No.

MRS. P. Well?

PLATT. 'Pon my soul, this beats me!

MRS. P. You've spoken to him?

PLATT. H'm!

MRS. P. Well?

PLATT. I accused him point-blank.

MRS. P. And—?

PLATT. And asked him to explain his conduct of yesterday evening.

MRS. P. He refused?

PLATT. No, he did the straight thing—told me the whole business from A to Z.

MRS. P. (starting back). It's a lie!

PLATT. What?

MRS. P. That I sent for him!

PLATT. Why, he never said anything of the kind! What made you think that?

MRS. P. I—I only—I thought I heard you talking, that's all.

PLATT. By Gad! if he'd said that— No, dash it! He couldn't have been quite such a blackguard! He told me the truth about that, anyway.

MRS. P. What?

PLATT. He said he looked in by chance, and found you alone, and that you got chaffing. He was afraid at the time that he had displeased you, but he had meant it as a joke, and hopes you will forgive him.

MRS. P. (incredulously). Is that all he said?

PLATT. Yes, that's his version.

MRS. P. And you believe him?

PLATT. H'm! Naturally, after what you told me. I don't see how—yet—he looked me straight in the eyes and gave me his word, and—hang it! I've always known him to be one of the best and truest chaps that ever lived. Well, there! between the two of you, I'm clean beat; upon my word, I am! (Mrs. P. remains leaning with her head on her arm, gazing dreamily in front of her, and says nothing.) I say, Milly! Milly! (No answer.) Don't get furious, now; but I—I can't help thinking there must be some mistake. If you'd only seen him when I went in! Poor chap, he regularly broke down. (No answer.) Besides, you should have heard the way he spoke of you.

MRS. P. What did he say?

PLATT. He said that he'd always admired you awfully, and thought you jolly clever, and all that, and envied me for having such a trump of a wife; but, as for ever thinking of you in any other way (Mrs. P. rises), such a thing had never come into his head.





THE RISING GENERATION.

ARTIST: Can I show the Editor some War Drawings?

OFFICE-BOY: Well, Sir, as to War Drawin's, *The Sketch* motter is, "Hactuality fust and hart harter." We goes in fur War Photoes!

MRS. P. (*standing, her head turned away, her hands clenched rigidly*). What else, pray?

PLATT. He said he knew he was just the sort of sour, unsympathetic devil a brilliant woman like you would hate. (Mrs. P. *makes no answer*.) That's true enough. You never liked him from the very beginning, any more than you do now, did you?

MRS. P. Never!

PLATT. And the funny part of it is, he used to say that he didn't like you.

MRS. P. Which, of course, you believe?

PLATT. Believe or not believe, he's offered to do the straight thing. He's offered to go away.

MRS. P. To go away?

PLATT. Yes, he's ready to exchange into another regiment anywhere I like, and as soon as I like.

MRS. P. And you?

PLATT. I told him he'd better go at once, for your sake.

MRS. P. What nonsense! Let him stay!

PLATT. Why? Wouldn't you rather he went?

MRS. P. Pshaw! What does it matter—what does it matter?

PLATT. To tell you the truth, I think he's made up his mind to exchange—he'd rather.

MRS. P. You fool! So much for your protection! I wish I'd never told you anything about it.

PLATT. Why, what more could I do?

MRS. P. What less could you do? You went in there, full of importance, to demand an explanation. You come back. It's all right; he's done the correct thing; he's behaved like a gentleman. He's going away. Why—because you wanted him to? No, oh dear, no! Because he wants to go himself. Thank you—thank you so much! You have indeed a remarkable way of vindicating your wife's honour!

PLATT (*looking at her with a smile*). I say, Milly—word of honour, now—aren't you just a bit down on the poor chap? You weren't feeling quite fit last night, and you exaggerated just a tiny bit. Eh, what do you think?

MRS. P. I have exaggerated nothing. I have told you the very least of what he said—only, he could always twist you round his fingers. He is a villain and a liar, and, if you had any sense or any manliness in you, you would know it!

PLATT. I've got other proofs.

MRS. P. Proofs of what?

PLATT. Proofs that—that you may very likely have been mistaken as to what he really meant, you know.

MRS. P. (*eagerly*). How? Was anybody listening?

PLATT. No, no! It was only something he told me.

MRS. P. Something he told you—that was a very conclusive proof!

PLATT. Shall I tell you?

MRS. P. Perhaps it would be as well.

PLATT. Well, then, he's engaged, and, what's more, he's tremendously in love with the girl.

MRS. P. (*staggering, and then speaking with difficulty*). Who is she? How do you know? It's not true?

PLATT. It's a secret. You see, he's so badly off—the girl's people don't know about it even. You must keep it dark—won't you, Milly?

MRS. P. Who is she?

PLATT. Some girl at home. He didn't tell me her name.

MRS. P. He doesn't know it. There's no such person. How blind you are!

PLATT. No, he wasn't lying. Sometimes there's no mistaking a chap; there's no mistake about him. By Jove, he does love that girl! He told me not to tell you, but I knew you'd be interested. Ah, Milly, I thought of the time when you and I were waiting, and the thought of you over in the old country kept me straight and sober and hard-working. Why, d'you remember that last dance before I sailed, when we both promised never to dance at a ball again till I came back? How I kept my promise, and you didn't? Eh, Madam? It was thinking of that just now that made me believe him and forgive him, and I know you'll do the same. Eh, Milly? Eh, old girl? Don't let's make more enemies than we can help.

MRS. P. What is she like? Did he tell you?

PLATT. Oh, awfully pretty and young! He's going to show me her photo some day.

MRS. P. Some day! There's no such person! I don't believe one word!

PLATT. Why, I declare, Milly, I believe you've got a grudge against the poor chap!

MRS. P. How is it that nobody has ever heard the slightest whisper of such a thing?

PLATT. It's true enough, anyway. Look here! (*He shows her a packet of letters*.) He says, if I don't believe him, I may read these.

MRS. P. (*eagerly*). Are they letters from—England?

PLATT. Yes; from the girl, you know. What fun we might have, eh, Milly?

MRS. P. (*looking at him anxiously*). You wouldn't think of—?

PLATT (*astonished*). Reading them? Good God, Milly, that would be a blackguard thing to do!

MRS. P. Perhaps he counted on you saying that.

PLATT. D'you mean to say you don't believe they are genuine?

MRS. P. Whatever they are, he knew you wouldn't read them. Nobody doubts your simplicity in the regiment, my dear George!

PLATT. I shan't read 'em, anyway.

MRS. P. Well, then, I have a right to—it was I who was insulted.

PLATT. And you shan't read 'em, either.

MRS. P. (*breaking into a peal of laughter*). Why, you silly old George, I declare you are quite in a temper about it! One would think I cared. All love-letters are equally idiotic, and I daresay they are no more idiotic than most. Oh, dear! I wonder what I shall do with myself till tiffin?

PLATT. I hate to refuse you anything, Milly.

MRS. P. My dear George, pray don't upset yourself! If you want to be useful, invent something for me to do. It was purely a literary curiosity. I was wondering whether they were exactly like our love-letters.

PLATT. Oh, no! not like ours.

MRS. P. Word for word, I should say. I know they're word for word. Really, couldn't we just see? It would be too funny!

PLATT. What! Compare them?

MRS. P. (*with her eyes fixed on the letters*). Yes! I'll get one of your old letters. Where were they? No, I don't think I have one, have I? But you kept mine—I'll run and fetch them. (*She keeps her eyes fixed on the letters and does not attempt to move.*)

PLATT. No, no, Milly! I tell you, I won't read them.

MRS. P. But it isn't reading; it's comparing.

PLATT. No!

MRS. P. I will see them!

PLATT (*resolutely replacing the letters in his pocket*). No! (*A pause. Mrs. P. stands facing him.*)

MRS. P. (*with a forced laugh, turning away*). You frightfully virtuous and upright person! What a wicked woman I do feel when you are about!

PLATT. You, wicked? Bosh!

MRS. P. Wicked isn't the word for me. George, turn me out, disown me, say you hate me, and that you never wish to see me or to speak to me again!

PLATT. Here, that'll do! You know I don't like that sort of talk!

MRS. P. (*hysterically*). I tell you I mean it! I'm a wicked woman! Turn me out! I'm not fit to be here!

PLATT. Just because you're a bit inquisitive and wanted to read these letters. Why, there (*gives her the packet*), I don't mind giving them to you. I know you won't read them—you're too honest and straight to do a mean thing like that!

[Mrs. P. *snatches the letters eagerly, hesitates a moment, is about to open them. Looks up and catches PLATT's eye fixed on her. Hesitates, and then, with almost a moan, lets them fall to the ground.*

PLATT (*picking them up*). There! I knew! I'll go and give them back to him for safety! [*Exit.*

MRS. P. No, no, George! Give them to me; give them to me! (*She half-opens the door to follow him; then shuts it again, shakes the handle, paces up and down once; shakes it again, tries to listen, then paces the room once more in great agitation.*) Ah! fool! Weak, mad fool! (*PLATT re-enters; he comes forward to the centre of the stage, and stands there shaking with laughter.*) Well? (*PLATT continues to laugh.*) Is he gone? What are you laughing at?

PLATT. No, he's here right enough. Well, this is the queerest—(*Roars with laughter again. Mrs. PLATT stands looking at him scornfully, tapping the floor with her foot. PLATT, still laughing.*) Milly, what do you think? He's told me!

MRS. P. What?

PLATT. Who she is; those letters!

MRS. P. Who is she?

PLATT (*still laughing*). Guess!

MRS. P. Who is it?

PLATT (*laughing*). Oh my! Well, I never did, and you a clever woman, too! Tch—tch! Oh, these clever women!

MRS. P. Oh, Heavens! do speak! Do I know her?

PLATT. Oh, yes! You know her (*laughing*), you know her!

MRS. P. Is she here at —? (*Name of Indian hill-station.*)

PLATT. Not now.

MRS. P. She has been here?

PLATT (*laughing*). No wonder he called a lot!

MRS. P. What do you mean?

PLATT. No wonder you thought he paid you a lot of attention! Oh, these clever women! Good old clever women! There's nothing like a clever woman for finding out things!

MRS. P. George, if you don't tell me at once, I'll—I'll throw myself out of that window!

PLATT (*putting his arm round her waist*). Will you? Try!

MRS. P. (*breaking free*). Don't be absurd! Tell me! Who is she?

PLATT. Somebody who stayed in this house not so very long ago.

MRS. P. In this house?

PLATT. Now, she's gone back to England. (*Mrs. P. looks puzzled.*) A tall girl, not unlike you. Oh, come, I say, can't you guess? Who is it I always call my rival?

MRS. P. Your rival?

PLATT. Yes, because you're so awfully fond of her—fonder of her than you are of me, I do believe! Well, I never! Somebody whose life you saved?

MRS. P. Margaret!

PLATT. Yes, your sister Margaret! They've been engaged since last February, when she came over to stay with us.

[Mrs. P. *takes up a photo, tears it into small pieces, grinds it under her feet, and, with a cry, falls fainting full-length on the floor as the curtain comes down.*

## MISS MARY GRANT AND HER WORK.

Miss Mary Grant, the greatest sculptress of the day, is also a most interesting and interested woman, living in one of the most delightful of homes, Canwell House, Tite Street, where the *beau monde* love to foregather, for Miss Grant is also celebrated as an entertainer, and her salon is the rendezvous of all that is best in art and letters.

The daughter of Mr James and Lady Lucy Grant, and a niece of the late Sir Francis Grant, as well as of artistic grandparentage, it is not surprising that from her earliest childhood all her thoughts turned to art, and her bust of her uncle, once President of the Royal Academy, is in the possession of that institution. Still, it was entirely against the wishes of her parents that she became a professional artist, and every persuasion was used to keep her at home—indeed, she says she thinks she would have been there now had not a royal command come for her to model the Queen, a commission which brought her at once to town, and, once here, commission followed commission, and Miss Grant has ever since remained in the South, for her work can rival any done by the best of the sterner sex.

She has also enjoyed—a word I use in its fullest meaning—much patronage from the Liberal Party, one of her earliest busts being that of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, while her latest, one in clay, of Gladstone, has given the greatest satisfaction and pleasure both to his family and friends, and she has been persuaded to compete for the memorial of that statesman which is to be erected in the city of Manchester.

It was while she was still very young that Miss Grant finally decided

to become an artist, and she soon went to Florence, where she worked under Fantacchiotti, afterwards going to Paris, to study with Merier. A very lovely bust of her sister, her first work, was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and brought her much attention, and also an invitation to

continue her studies in the studio of Mr. J. Foley, R.A., after which she was very soon commanded for a colossal bust of Her Majesty, which was for the Rajah of Kapurthala and was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1870.

Since then she has executed some hundred or more works, busts and statues of all sorts and conditions, from Society beauties to eminent divines, besides those here reproduced, as well as of the Duke of Argyll, Canon Fleming, the Dean and Lady Stanley (one of the Dean being for her Majesty's private chapel at Windsor), the Rajah of Vizianagram, one of England's most devoted friends, Lord Canning, the Duchess of Buckingham, the Hon. Mrs. Bethell, the Hon. Lyman Bass, and many more, and there is also an immense amount of ideal work to be placed to her credit, and some lovely subject groups and figures for ecclesiastical work, especially the reredos of Edinburgh Cathedral, a series of figures for the porch at Lichfield, and a statue of Izaak Walton for Winchester.

The names of lady sculptors of any note can certainly be counted on the fingers of one hand, and of those Miss Grant stands pre-eminent, for she is of phenomenally strong physique, and has studied practically and profoundly, and her knowledge of the human figure and its anatomy is as faultless as her modelling is irreproachable. H. T.



MR. GEORGE VANDERBILT (1890).  
Photo by Hollyer, Kensington, W.



DIANE AFTER HER BATH.



THE TIRED MUSICIANS: GROUP IN MARBLE.



## THE SIXTH (INNISKILLING) DRAGOONS.

It is interesting to note the singular friendship that subsists between some two regiments of Her Majesty's Army. In certain cases it is a regiment of Hussars that seems to find its affinity in a regiment of Infantry of the Line; in most cases, however, this peculiar sympathy exists between regiments of the same branch of the Service.

Such friendships between regiments date back to the earliest days of victorious British arms in many cases, and have been cemented by the blood of brave men who fell fighting for their country shoulder-to-shoulder. A friendship of this kind has long subsisted between the Scots Greys and the Inniskilling Dragoons.

The old days were grand ones for the Dragoon, and it really seems strange that, in the course of evolution, the Dragoon of other times, who combined the mobility of the cavalryman with the stability and power of offence and defence peculiar to the infantry, is being revived in the modern mounted infantryman. Although parted for years at a time, the two regiments, Scots Greys and Inniskillings, have found each other again whenever danger threatened, wherever a prospect of glory brightened the horizon before them. A regiment, like the immortal gods, is ever young, and thus, when these two old regiments met again from time to time, the old friendship was as warm and strong as ever.

Almost the first fighting the Inniskillings saw outside their own fair country brought them together with the regiments that afterwards composed the "Union Brigade" at Waterloo, and fought under Scarlett at Balaklava, the "Royals" and the "Greys." The battles of Fontenoy, Val, and Ronceux were the beginning of an undying friendship. There the Inniskillings vied with the "Royals" and the "Greys" in reckless bravery, and share their laurels.

The campaign in Germany in 1758 found them brigaded with the "Blues" and the "King's Dragoon Guards," charging at Wester, and taking as many prisoners as there were horsemen.

At Tournay, "Greys" and "Skins" met again, and, blade by blade with the "Bays," executed a brilliant charge which entirely dispersed the enemy.

Several years of peace had not impaired the dash of the Inniskillings, so we find them with the "Union Brigade," not only charging repeatedly and successfully, but carrying the pursuit of the enemy so far that they only, by sheer recklessness, escaped from a somewhat awkward position, leaving many a bold trooper on the battlefield.

The next meeting of "Greys" and "Skins" was at Balaklava, and, in reference to the fights connected with that place, Surgeon Mouat, of the Inniskillings, deserves most honourable mention. The Light Brigade had vanished in the smoke at the far end of the "Valley of Death," and with beating hearts the Heavy Brigade were straining anxious eyes to ascertain the result of that desperate charge. At last, through the dense clouds of smoke were seen a few stragglers, then smaller bodies, the remnants of the gallant Six Hundred returning after undergoing an ordeal such as no troops have yet been through and come out alive or glorious like those dashing blades. But those dark, dense masses of the foe's cavalry moving down upon them mean destruction to the brave men who have fought so well. "Greys" and "Skins" to the rescue, and, from the lesson they had been taught but a short time before, the Russians thought best not to engage. It was after this that Surgeon Mouat galloped back to Lieutenant-Colonel Morris, of the 17th Lancers, who had been terribly wounded in the charge of the Light Brigade, and, under a terrible fire from three sides, he dressed Colonel Morris's wounds, and, with the assistance of Sergeant-Major Wooden, of the 17th Lancers, carried him safely off the field.

The share taken by the Inniskillings in the charge of Scarlett's Heavy Brigade at Balaklava is well known to those interested in military history. There, as at Waterloo, the "Skins" charged on the right of the "Greys." Scarlett's Brigade, moving to the east in column of troops, suddenly became aware of the dense columns of Russian cavalry on their left flank halted and awaiting the attack. The 1st Squadron of the Inniskillings was somewhat in advance. Then followed the 2nd Squadron and the "Greys." These wheeled into line to the left, and, following their gallant Brigadier, were soon lost in the iron embrace of the Russian column. Colonel Dalrymple White, commanding the Inniskillings, was the first to penetrate the mass of Russians after General Scarlett and his Staff. He had received such a heavy sabre-cut on his helmet as cleaved down home to the skull, but remained entirely unconscious of any hurt whilst hewing a path through his opponents.

The leading squadron of the Inniskillings then wheeled round to the left, cleverly led by Captain Hunt, and caught in flank a Russian squadron that was wheeling inwards with a view of closing in upon the rear of the attacking British squadrons. The results of the charge of the British Dragoons added fresh laurels to the colours of the regiments engaged.

The Inniskillings were raised in 1689 from amongst the Protestant garrison of Inniskilling who fought with success against King James II. Their first Colonel was Sir Albert Cunningham, the strength of the regiment being six hundred horses in twelve troops. At the Battle of the Boyne, King William put himself at the head of the regiment and personally led them across the river. Shortly after, Colonel Cunningham was taken prisoner at Colony and murdered by a sergeant of the rebel army.

Their crest is the Castle of Inniskilling, and their colours show a proud record with the names of "Dettingen," "Waterloo," "Balaklava," and "Sevastopol."

G. B.

## WOMEN IN WAR.

"Arma Virumque Cano," sang Virgil in the days when neither the beginning nor the end of the century troubled the head of anyone in Rome, and "Arms and the Man" the poets have sung since his day, as they sang them centuries before he was born.

If the new Amazonian army of British matrons, of whose desirability and possibility so much has been heard of late, becomes an accomplished fact, the new poet will have to sing not only "Arms and the Man," but will have also to add woman to his pan of praise.

Yet fighting women are no novelty, either in the pages of mythological legend or in the stirring volumes of history, for they have existed from time immemorial. There is no need to go back two thousand and odd years before the Christian era, to cite the prowess of Semiramis, the wife of one of the Generals of King Ninus, who built the town of Nineveh. Everybody knows that she was sent for by her husband when the Assyrians were engaged in the siege of Bactria, which they had long attempted to take without success, and on her arrival in the camp she planned an attack on the citadel, and, followed by a few men, she mounted the walls and took possession of the town. For this good deed of bravery the King resolved to make her his wife, whereupon the unfortunate husband conveniently committed suicide, so as not to stand in the way of his royal master's wish.

In our own Britain, was there not Queen Boadicea, who, in accordance with the rhyme we all learnt when we first lisped historical principles—

From loss in strife,  
In 61 destroyed her life?

And she was but one of many who might be named; for, in those stirring days, women were nearly as ready to accompany their husbands to the wars as they were to be fought about in the warlike jousts of peace, and as ready to handle sword or spear.

Nor must we forget Margaret of Anjou, the daughter of the King of Naples, who became the wife of Henry IV., and was "as dauntless in war" as young Lochinvar himself, for did she not head her troops in several battles against the House of York?

No doubt, if the Crown of Bellona were to be adjudged to-day by ballot by modern women, the great majority would combine to place it upon the brow of La Pucelle, the daughter of Domremi, who was inspired to raise the Siege of Orleans, and, for her triumph, was burned at the stake, on a charge of being a witch, before she was thirty.

Joan of Arc, indeed, has given her name to many modern women, and, during the last two or three years, at least three have won the stirring sobriquet. The first of these is, however, scarcely a warrior-maid, although she has all the physical attributes for the part. She is Miss Maud Gonne, the beautiful young Irishwoman whose career is so well known. Less well known is the Cuban Joan of Arc, Paulina de Ruiz Gonzales, who was flag-bearer to the brigade under the command of General Sancho Perez during the last Cuban War of Independence. Her husband was a Captain in the army, and she desired to be with him. At once, after joining, she sought out the Colonel and declared that Cuba needed every man to fight, but that a woman could carry the flag. She persuaded him to give that office to her, and then, armed with a revolver, she proceeded to demonstrate her ability as a fighter, by killing several of the Spaniards.

Not less conspicuous is the third Joan of Arc—the Joan of Arc of the Yaqui Indians, Teresa Ureno, whom her people call "Santa Teresa." Time and time again she has headed the army against the Mexicans, winning victory after victory against them, and winning glory for herself and respect for her race.

Such a list of women "lapped in proof" of fearlessness, if not of steel, might be considerably prolonged until it was brought up to date by the inclusion of Mrs. Joubert, the wife of the Boer Commander-in-Chief, who always accompanies her husband to the field, and who can fire a rifle with as great precision as any member of his force.

And yet there has no mention been made of the women during the siege of Jerusalem, with their wonderful eyes and strange faces, as they stood on the battlements pouring boiling oil on the brave Roman soldiers, who had to fall back again and again from the attack.

Such help as these women gave their men, such help women have given again and again, and during the Franco-German War women took a hand with the rifle, and in at least one of the great battles of that campaign they kept up an intermittent fusillade from their houses at the soldiers; while in how many sieges have women stood by holding and loading the guns of the men, so as to expedite the firing, before machines were ever dreamed of.

The annals of the Boers, for example, teem with instances of their women helping in this way, sometimes taking the guns from the men and firing them themselves. Even at the Battle of Gras Pan, it is said that Boer women fought in this way, and the courage they have shown has been abundantly demonstrated by their sisters of all nations. Scarcely less conspicuous is the courage which women have shown in volunteering to act as nurses, for the letters of the War-Correspondents show that the danger is by no means as slight as people imagine it to be.

Evidence, indeed, abounds on every hand of the bravery of women, and of their capacity to take an almost equal share of the dangers of war with men. That men are brave, no one even in these degenerate days will question, and the women who have given them birth are no less brave. While England remains England, England's sons will always be found ready to place a laurel wreath upon the brow of England's motherhood.

## THEATRE GOSSIP.

"Dandy Dick" has come back again to gladden the hearts of playgoers, but I doubt whether he will prove as good a stayer at Wyndham's Theatre as at the old Court Theatre. He has "aged" very little since 1887, when he first appeared, but there is a difference in the riding.



MISS ANNIE HUGHES, WHO PLAYS HANNAH TOPPING SO NAÏVELY IN THE REVIVAL OF "DANDY DICK," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Not that Miss Violet Vanbrugh, the new "George Tid," is disappointing. Her performance is a remarkable *tour de force*, but the talented young actress, admirable as she is in the horsey part, is not a Mrs. John Wood, who obviously was created for the part—or else the part was created for her.

However, Mr. Alfred Bishop in admirable style presents the Dean, who put his "bit of slosh" on a horse, and got into horrible difficulties and indignities in just consequence; and Mr. George Giddens caused very hearty laughter as the inestimable Blore, though some critics will suggest that his work is too self-conscious. And there are plenty of other clever people; for instance, Mr. W. H. Denny, the original Noah—a character, I believe, suggested to Mr. Pinero by an "original" country constable—was exceedingly funny, and Miss Annie Hughes acted charmingly as his wife. Mr. Edmund Maurice makes as excellent a Sir Tristram as before, and everyone was pleased by Miss Grace Lane, though she had to follow poor Miss Rose Norreys in the part of Sheba. Miss Maud Hoffman was graceful and captivating as Salome. Altogether, we had an excellent performance of the clever farce, which went merrily from start to finish, even if at times the pace was not very hot. Mr. Pinero bowed his acknowledgments of a hearty call.

Mr. W. H. Denny has appeared before London audiences for the past quarter of a century. He is, perhaps, best remembered by his performance of Noah Topping, the rural policeman in "Dandy Dick"—in which part Londoners may once again see him at Wyndham's Theatre—which led to his engagement at the Savoy Theatre in "The Yeomen of the Guard." All his children evince considerable histrionic ability. His eldest son, Gerald, undertook a part at forty-eight hours' notice, the first time he ever appeared on any stage, and played it capitally; while his daughters, Norah and Mona, have played in the provinces, with very great success, in F. W. Bingham's comedietta, "Counsel's Opinion," which, I have every reason to believe, will shortly be submitted to a Metropolitan audience. Mr. Denny is encouraging his children to appear on the stage, as, in his time, he has seen so many actors spending large sums of money in training their children for various professions, and, in the end, they have disappointed their parents by electing to go on the stage. He sincerely hopes that his children will have had quite enough of theatres when the time comes to choose their path in life, and, should they prefer the stage—well, you cannot begin too early. His Reggie, who is seven years of age, is exactly one year older than was his father when he made his first appearance at the old Theatre Royal, Worcester, in 1859. Mr. Denny is portrayed overleaf.

The revival of "His Excellency the Governor," at the Criterion Theatre, is by no means surprising, seeing that since June '98, when the play was produced at the Court Theatre, its author, Captain Marshall, has rapidly come to the front. Whether revivals after a year and a-half are wise is, perhaps, a doubtful question; yet new playgoers have joined the ranks, and there are many who have already seen and laughed at the comical, tangled love-story founded upon the love-philter effect of the blossoming of the aloes on an Amandalard island, who will be anxious to see it again. Fortunately, the joint managers of the Criterion have an even stronger company than the first, two, however, of the more important members of which remain—Miss Irene Vanbrugh, able even to improve her already vastly clever work as Stella de Gex, and Mr. "Dot" Boucicault, irresistibly funny as Baverstock, the love-sick secretary. Mr. Eric Lewis (a Cabinet Minister), Mr. Arthur Bourchier (the Governor), and Mr. Marsh Allen (Captain Carew) are, of course, admirably chosen for their parts, whilst Miss Gertrude Elliott is quite the ideal actress for the part of Ethel, and Miss Fanny Coleman for that of the middle-aged widow who suddenly comes under the influence of the aloes; which, fortunately, are not bitter aloes for all of them.

The Comedy Theatre, under the management of Mr. Ben Greet and Mr. Tom Davies, is showing a very bold front, since, at a time when some are afraid of one production, it has been running no less than two. The more interesting, no doubt, is Miss Edna Lyall's "In Spite of All," for the lady's name is well calculated to attract the attention of playgoers now that she ventures into the dangerous field of play-writing. It would be pleasant to say that she begins with a triumph, but unfortunately inaccurate, since her story of the Great Civil War, though not without merit, and, indeed, possessing some powerful, well-written scenes, lacks grip, and there are moments when one feels rather acutely the want of technical skill, more essential in drama than in novel-writing. An excellent performance is given by a good all-round company, the best of whom are Miss E. W. Matthison, a talented, pretty newcomer; Mr. Homewood, an excellent *jeune premier*; Mr. Ben Greet, and Mr. Robertshaw. The programme of "In Spite of All" is strengthened by a one-act piece, called "A Soldier's Daughter," cleverly written by Mrs. Charles Sim, in which Miss Gertrude Burnett gives quite an admirable performance. The same excellent company has been acquitting itself very well in its presentation of Sheridan's exacting play, "The School for Scandal," and many of our Metropolitan troupes might be proud if they could do as well.

Many people will doubt whether the Adelphi is wise in choosing a melodrama which, like "The Better Life," professes to be founded on a



MISS GRACE LANE, WHO PLAYS SHEBA SO PRETTILY IN THE REVIVAL OF "DANDY DICK," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Chcapside.

religious work such as "In His Steps." The authors, Messrs. Arthur Shirley and Sutton Vane, have shown considerable skill in building-up an effective melodrama with very unpromising materials, but, although some of their scenes are vivid and effective, a good many playgoers will

look with some disfavour upon the curious mixture of religion and vicious life such as the old home of melodrama now presents, and the last act, with its scene showing the conversion of the professed Agnostic, must be decidedly painful to those who do not look upon it as ridiculous. Several performances of real merit were given, notably by Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, Miss Elsa Ward, Mr. Fuller Mellish, and Mr. Ernest Leicester. It is only fair to say that the house applauded some of the scenes prodigiously, particularly one in a shelter for outcast women, where the female villain tears off her jewellery, and announces her intention to abandon her life of shame and work for the good cause.

Once more the Princess's Theatre is presenting "Drink," the powerful play originally produced at it, with which Mr. Charles Warner's name will always be associated, since his performance in the part of Coupeau is one of the most remarkable pieces of acting of our times. Fortunately, he is in the cast, and his work receives the praise it deserves. The performance of Gervaise is received with great favour, also that of Miss Beatrice Homer.

Miss Amelia Stone, whose portrait is on this page presented to *Sketch* readers, is another of the many lovely and lively acting-singers, or singing actresses, whom America has exported to our shores of late years. It is something over a year ago, that Miss Stone began to charm Londoners by her vivaciousness and melodiousness at the Alhambra, and also at Drury Lane. It may be remembered that Mr. Dundas Slater of the one part, and Mr. Arthur Collins of the other part, had quite a sharp little litigious passage at arms as to which of the twain the fair Amelia should be engaged to at the Yuletide season. Eventually, the little peace-maker known as Harmony stepped in, and it was agreed that Miss Stone should fulfil an engagement at Old Drury, and subsequently return to the Alhambra. This arrangement was duly carried out, to the satisfaction of all parties, including kind friends in front, and now Amelia the Attractive is back at the Alhambra looking more attractive than ever. As will be seen from the photograph, Miss Stone is really a Beauty Stone.

Those who looked to find that apparently saucy American adaptation, "Zaza," immediately follow the "Puss in Boots" pantomime, at the Garrick, must, for a while, curb their anxiety in this regard. It has just been decided that "Zaza" shall be postponed somewhat, and that next Monday, the 19th inst., there shall be revived at the Garrick Mr. Hugh Moss's clever adaptation of "John Strange Winter's" long popular military novelette, "Boots' Baby," with many of the original cast.

Next Saturday the sometime-closed Vaudeville will be reopened by Mr. Yorke Stephens, who will present a long-ago written but as yet

Mr. Richard Lambert, at the Globe, where that enormous success, "The Gay Lord Quex," finished its one year's run last Saturday. Mr. Hare will presently start a short suburban and provincial tour with this piece prior to taking it to America. This "bright blue" comedy is being very eagerly awaited in the States.

A real live Countess—the Countess Russell, to wit—is about to go on the music-hall stage, or the "variety" stage, as it is nowadays called. The handsome young Countess, who was lately seen at Daly's (as well as on tour) in Mr. George Edwardes's companies, will start music-halling at the Alhambra, Brighton, next Monday, and will the following week come to the Tivoli, in the Strand, and the Metropolitan, in the Edgware Road.

Not only is another "In His Steps" play imminent (the new one being by Mr. Francis Neilson, stage-manager of the Duke of York's), but also we are threatened with quite a big batch of other adaptations, including three fresh ones of "The Scarlet Letter," three of the American religious story, "Ben Hur," two of "Lorna Doone" (one by an American and one by the English Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker), and two of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The first "Tess" (adapted by Mr. H. A. Kennedy) is to be produced by Mrs. Lewis Waller and Co. at the Coronet Theatre next Monday, the 19th. The second adaptation, which was made by Mr. Latimer Stoddart (of America) for the immensely popular American actress, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske (and "copyrighted" in London about a year and a-half ago), is, it seems, to be produced anon at some West-End theatre by that energetic, many-theatred young manager, Mr. Herbert Sleath.

The crowded audience at the Lyric Theatre was on Wednesday last taken by surprise by the arrival of a stalwart band of young fellows in mufti, who formed "A" Squadron of Lord Loch's contingent to Lord Roberts' body of Irregular Horse, a force of which the highest expectations are already entertained. These men, with their officers, were the guests on this occasion of Mr. Henry S. H. Cavendish, who was anxious that they should carry to "the front" a pleasant remembrance of "Florodora," the musical comedy in which he is, financially and otherwise, so deeply interested. By the way, there is a lifelike portrait of one of the most charming ladies in "Florodora," Miss Nina Severing, on page 167 of this week's *Sketch*.

M. Paderewski not so very long ago married at Warsaw a beautiful and aristocratic young lady, a fact which the belles of Chicago must have forgotten, or they would hardly have mobbed the great pianist as they did the other day after his performance at a theatre in that city. Scores of excited young girls strove to kiss the pianist, who was obliged to obtain the assistance of the police, and eventually reached his hotel in an exhausted condition, a martyr to popularity. At one time it was M. Paderewski's hair that enchanted American belles, but the barber has relieved him of that attraction, and he sits down to the pianoforte looking like any other private gentleman until his electric fingers excite astonishment and admiration. But the fact remains that he exercises a fascination over lady amateurs which they are unable to resist.

Herr Rosenthal was dubbed by his rivals "The Monarch of Tenfingerdom," but a glance at the defiant face of this wonderful pianist is enough to show that he is not to be subdued by a high-sounding appellation. He is probably the greatest player we have had since Anton Rubinstein, and his extraordinary command of the pianoforte recalls the triumphs of Thalberg, Liszt, and other musical giants. Herr Rosenthal is in reality the "Paganini of the piano."

A remarkable suggestion is put forward by a French doctor in regard to alcoholism. He declares that the temperance movement has always been working from the wrong direction. Alcohol is such a sickening and insipid drug that no one would ever take to its use. Then, he argues, why not, instead of colouring, perfuming, and making this poison popular, bring up the new generation to the use of drugs known to the medical profession which would be equally agreeable and generous in their effect, and not half so dangerous? This is the most significant suggestion that one has ever heard.



MISS AMELIA STONE, NOW SINGING  
AT THE ALHAMBRA.  
Photo by Atelier Mora, Berlin.



MR. W. H. DENNY, WHO PLAYS NOAH TOPPING SO CLEVERLY IN THE  
REVIVAL OF "DANDY DICK," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

unproduced comedy called "The Bishop's Eye." It has been written by that clever playwright and journalist, Miss Clo Graves, whose work is so well known to *Sketch* readers. Another play by Miss Graves, one entitled "Nurse," will very soon afterwards be produced by



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 14, 6.10; Thursday, 6.12; Friday, 6.14; Saturday, 6.16; Sunday, 6.18; Monday, 6.19; Tuesday, 6.21.

At this moment of writing, a hard frost rests on the land, and the roads, which for the last three weeks have been miry and slushy, are levelled into smooth, rideable surface. It required more than ordinary enthusiasm to plough one's way over greasy and filthy roads; but now that the highways are frost-bound, there is nothing really so exhilarating as a ride in the country. The cold, biting air invigorates the blood, and if the clammy damp of the previous weeks have confined one to the house, so that one's liver has become sluggish and one has lost all appetite, certainly the best antidote now is a rattling spin through the frosty air.

The principal thing for thorough enjoyment of a winter ride is to be warmly clad. There are many folks who ride in the same costume summer and winter, and therefore the wind, which is particularly biting, strikes like a knife. Wear a thick sweater, a Homburg hat, spats, if you like, and a glove made after the fashion of the one described by Dickens as having a public bar for the fingers and a private tap-room for the thumb—that is, the fingers being together, where they give mutual warmth.

We are just on the verge of the season when advertisements begin to appear in the papers of those wanting to get rid of bicycles at enormous sacrifices. You see an alluring advertisement that a gentleman, having to give up cycling by his doctor's orders, is willing to dispose of his twenty-five-guinea machine, comparatively new, for eight or nine pounds cash. If you make inquiries, you will probably find that the gentleman who is obliged, for medical reasons, to give up riding is a dealer in a back-street with twenty or thirty old machines for sale, and the one you buy is likely to be dear at any price. Of course, there are genuine cases of people wanting to get rid of their bicycles; but these are few and far between. A good bicycle will always fetch a good price, and it is absurd to expect a twenty-five-guinea machine for one-third its value.

The Great Northern Railway Company was the first to make a movement towards meeting the great army of cyclists who like to get quickly beyond London and into green lanes for a little outing at the week's end, and the plan of issuing circular tickets for cyclist and cycle has been immensely appreciated by wheelmen. But there are other parts of the country which the cyclist wants to visit besides those abutting on the Great Northern Railway lines. It is not everybody who can afford the double charge for passenger and cycle fare—the latter usually exorbitant—when wanting to go into the country. The other companies have been approached, but have held aloof from granting concessions. It seems, however, that the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway is in a melting mood. The Manager has received a deputation on this very point, and, without promising anything definite, he certainly held out a prospect that this spring the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will range itself by the side of the Great Northern Railway in providing special facilities for wheelmen. May the other companies soon follow this example!

A good deal of talk has gone on in respect to a proposal that the Cyclists' Touring Club and the National Cycling Union should join hands and amalgamate. They are more or less rival bodies, and their rivalry naturally does injury to themselves, and the too ready desire to sneer at each other has rendered the obtaining of concessions difficult. The N.C.U., while taking to itself the control of racing, has trespassed somewhat on the grounds of the C.T.C. in providing a hotel-list of its own. It is, of course, a small and ineffective list compared with the gigantic roll of hotels recognised by the C.T.C. Besides, as the N.C.U. hotels are few, and as racing is rapidly going out of existence, the Union, like Othello, finds its occupation gone. If only honest racing could be revived, the N.C.U. would be an excellent body to control it. At present, the only plan possible in the way of amalgamation is for the C.T.C. to swallow up the N.C.U., and start a strong Committee formed of the principal N.C.U. members to exercise authority over the racing that still remains.

When in Brussels, a year or two back, I had the honour of being received at the Château de Laeken by King Leopold. I had my bicycle with me, and I recall how His Majesty chaffingly referred to himself as a cyclist. But he confessed, with a laugh, that he had not the courage to mount a bicycle, and was content, being an old man, to ride round his own grounds on a trieyele. I don't know whether the King has done much riding since that time when, in taking a sudden curve in his park, he pitched himself into a bed of rhododendrons. I rather think he recognised the probability that he was not good as a cyclist, and, therefore, the wheel was stowed away in a garret. I was amused to read the other day that an American had offered the King of the Belgians £400 for this old trieyele. Leopold, who enjoys a joke, was certainly tickled with the offer. He, however, declined it, and sent back a cynical reply saying that he had arranged that, on his decease, the trieyele should go to the Porte des Hal Museum, to stand by the side of the stuffed war-horse of William of Orange.

Last summer I entered on this page a mild protest against the ridiculous use of the word "gymkhana" in connection with bicycle sports. Gymkhana is a Hindustani word, and has no more to do with bicycling than it has with horse-racing. It is fitting enough when used in India, because the Anglo-Indians naturally cannot help interweaving Indian words into the English language. But it is very different here at home. "Bicycle sports" is the proper term, and those people who use "gymkhana" use it probably because they are snobbish and think it is more effective than plain English. There are some folks who never describe a thing by an English name if by any possibility they happen to know the French for it. This swaggering misapplication of a name only raises a smile of contempt on the lips of those who know.



OFF FOR A SPIN: SMART AND RATIONAL.

Again there is an agitation to have Hyde Park thrown open to cyclists. It was certainly the thin end of the wedge when a concession was made that cyclists could cycle there till noon. But there is no reason why the hours should not be extended to four o'clock, and then, for further riding, after seven at night. You see, I don't want to interfere with the good folk who are able to afford a carriage-and-pair. When I am rich enough to live in Park Lane, and have a carriage-and-pair myself, I shall drive every afternoon in Hyde Park, and I shall object to a lot of cyclists getting in front of my horses and frightening them. However, it is right that there should be a close time each day, when Dowagers taking their afternoon airing should not be annoyed by the horses bolting through the caperings of wheelmen. It is only between four and seven that carriages are used to any extent in the Park, and it is at the other hours

of the day that cyclists would like to take exercise. It would be well to permit riding after seven o'clock, because there are lots of people shut up in offices all day who would enjoy an evening ride, but who don't care to take it in the streets. The First Commissioner of Works, who has control of these things, is being approached to see if better opportunities may not be given to riders to enjoy our great central Park.

I frequently get letters asking me to recommend a satisfactory lady's cycle. A good machine is the "Royal Triumph." In the best ladies' machines this year the frame is made in a double curve, which renders them more graceful in appearance, and leaves more room for mounting. The "Resilient Triumph" has a curved tube, which gives a slight spring to the machine, and renders it less rigid.

When Americans take to anything, what terrible enthusiasts they are! There is an American "Century Club," and every time it goes out for a jaunt, a hundred miles is the minimum distance covered. It has several lady members, and these have had quite a contest to gain the premier position of having accomplished the biggest number of century rides. A Mrs. Bayne holds first place with fifty rides to her credit. Two New York ladies, a Mrs. Lindsey and a Miss Yateman, the other week had seven consecutive century rides together. Then there started a struggle between them as to who should do the greatest number of consecutive hundred-miles day-by-day. Mrs. Lindsey was only defeated after riding a hundred miles a-day for thirty-two days on end, and then Miss Yateman took the position of honour with her thirty-three centuries.

J. F. F.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

Wherever racing-men congregate, the talk is of Lincoln and Liverpool. Winter-racing seems to be taboo everywhere, and for very good reasons. What with in-and-out form, abandonments and postponements, objections, and the difficulty in finding Stewards who act up to their obligations, sport under National Hunt Rules has reached about as low a level as is possible. Very few meetings in the winter arouse any but sluggish feelings, and the sooner the season is done with, the better for everybody. For my own part, I am thoroughly sick of it, although I prefer jumping-races to five-furlong sprints and mile events. So I turn with a glad heart to the campaign proper, which, although still some weeks away, will soon be with us.

Of the candidates for the Lincoln Handicap, Celada is reported to be going on well. A couple of years ago this mare was confidently expected to win the Cambridgeshire, but something went wrong with her in the race, and she did not show her true form until last back-end. At Derby she did well enough to suggest that she has a chance for the Lincolnshire Handicap. Another mare who came on towards the end of last season is Strike-a-Light, who, in spite of market opposition, ran very creditably in the Liverpool Autumn Cup. She is just the stamp of mare to show well on such a course as the Carholme. In the Lincoln Autumn Handicap, Royal Flush ran badly, but the weights are vastly different in the spring race. For instance, whereas, last November, Light Comedy received eight pounds, now she has to concede five pounds—a revolution in weights that should produce a reversal of positions. As regards Oban, his form in the Cambridgeshire was too bad to be true, and, knowing how fond Robinson is of winning the Lincoln, I shall be surprised if he does not make a big effort with Mr. Cohen's horse.

The "market" on the big Spring Handicaps is as sensitive as an invalid. All that is required to rush a horse to the position of favourite is a creditable appearance in public. How on earth a horse's chance in a four and a-half mile steeplechase over a difficult country can be gauged by a victory in a two-mile hurdle-race passes my comprehension, and the eager souls who show a disposition to take the current cramped price offered by bookmakers against Drogheda for the Grand National may have, before long, reason to repent their eagerness. One fact alone should cause them to show more caution: the fact that in the same ownership is a more brilliant chaser, Manifesto to wit. I shall hold to Manifesto as the better horse at the weights until I see some proof of the opposite.

Officialism always was, always is, and always will be, I suppose, a synonym for conservatism. That is why the Press has to hammer away for years before Turf abuses are remedied. It may be that, some years hence, we shall have paid Stewards in connection with our racecourses; men to whom we can go, at any moment on race-days, with complaints and objections, men who can be called upon to do their duty. The present state of affairs in this direction is little short of scandalous. At most meetings, the race-cards are decorated with long lists of

names of gentlemen who are supposed to attend to look after grievances and perform other offices of an important nature. Some of the gentlemen attend for an hour or two, but the majority of them never turn up. With paid Stewards, this sort of thing would be impossible.

I daresay a lot of croakings will be uttered about the fixture-list being overcrowded now that a new race-meeting is proposed to be established at Blackpool, but for the life of me I cannot see why a racecourse in that quarter of the land should not pay, and pay well. We may have too many race-meetings in the South of England, but the North is not so—well, blessed, if you like. Lancastrians and Northerners generally are fond of sport in all its branches, and racing especially, so that, with good business management, the proposed new venture should go with a swing. There should be but little trouble in getting the necessary licence from the Jockey Club.

Some racecourses seem born to bad luck, and amongst them are Leicester and Nottingham. Do what the executives of these two enclosures may, fate ordains that their efforts shall go unrewarded. When the last meeting took place at Colwick Park, the country was under a hard frost and heavy snow. At Nottingham, however, racing was easily practicable, yet the horses did not turn up, despite that a couple of prizes were worth £400 and £200 respectively.

As regards the Leicester management, their bad luck in the matter of weather is proverbial. It is a rare coincidence for us to be blessed with fine weather on a Leicester race-day. The meetings I have mentioned deserve a better fate. Messrs. Ford and Mr. Smith believe in the old adage, "Try, try, try again," or they would have given up long ago. Here's to better luck in the future!—CAPTAIN COE.

There has been a brisk demand at the libraries for the February Scribner's, the January instalment of "Tommy and Grizel" having created a general desire "to meet Mr. T. Sandys." The January numbers at Mudie's bear signs of much handling.



CHIPS OF THE 7TH DRAGOON GUARDS HARDENING THEIR MUSCLES FOR THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Photo by Eldridge, Colchester.

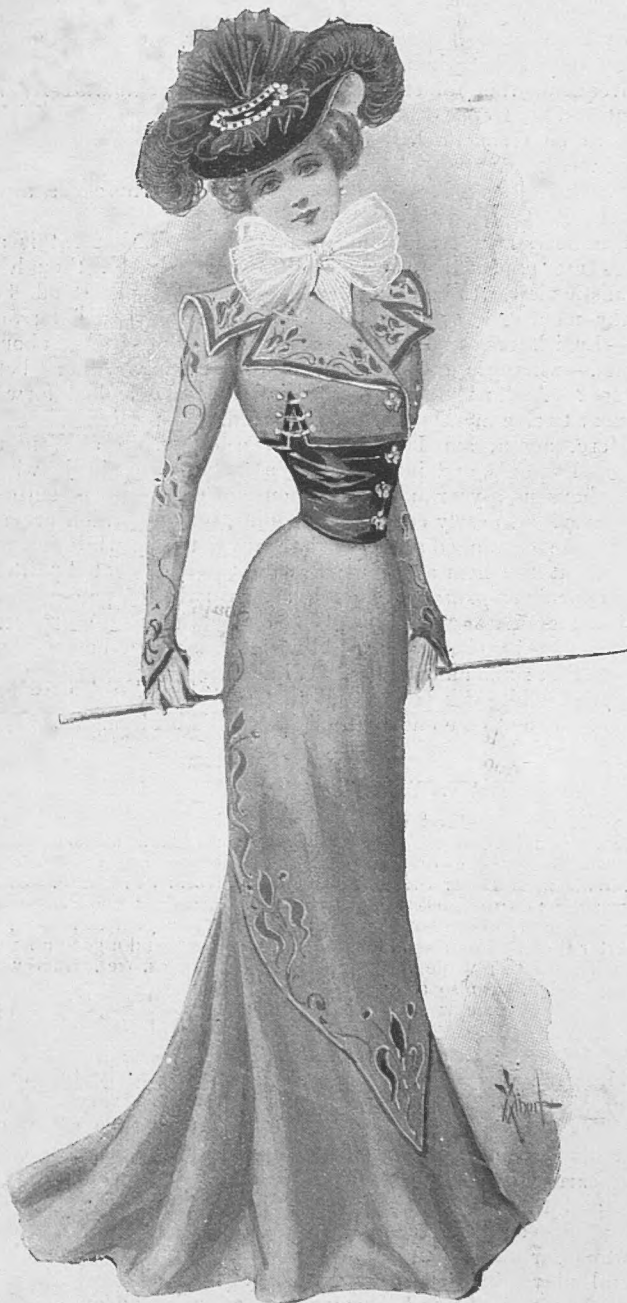


## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

There are many who, while regretting the cause, will welcome the effect of that black-and-white in which most of us women must perforce take our fashions next Season. For it is known to all men, although not sufficiently realised by the opposing gender, curious to add, that just those two tones of plain black and plain white in skilful combination are the most entirely becoming investiture in which the sex can array

since the first, which appeared Jan. 30, under its heading of "The Cruelty of Charity," are familiar with them. But it is with the object of assisting a work so courageously begun by that journal, and making the matter as public as possible, that I join my voice in deploring that red-tapeism and Bumbledom should interpose so successfully between a generous public and those it has had both the duty and desire to help. It is most earnestly to be hoped, moreover, that those whose voices carry the ring of authority will continue to lift them until a method of distribution of the War Fund moneys is arrived at which will speedily



A DELIGHTFUL CLOTH GOWN.



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME MANTLE AND TOQUE.

itself. The gloom of a black gown is chased away, and its unbecomingness to two-thirds of the population is turned into a sartorial symphony by the judicious application of white, for although some dove-greys are charming, and a few mauves can be worn by the clear-complexioned, black-and-white may be confidently essayed by all. So, if colours—as seems likely—go out of favour, either perfunctorily or peremptorily, in ensuing months, we who are not in mourning may be consoled that our effects shall not be lessened thereby.

Apropos of mourning and mourners, I am sure many of my women readers have read with pain the occurrences reported in the *Morning Post* concerning the state of things which prevails at Charing Cross, where the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund have the distribution of the nation's money in their hands. At this crisis, I need not here recapitulate the circumstances which have brought forth such wide animadversions on the "system" in force at the Patriotic Fund headquarters. All those who have read the articles in the *Morning Post*

reach those in need of help, and will also avoid a recurrence of such "brutality of kindness" as that so justly and ably brought to light on Jan. 30. The nation has given its money with both hands. Why will not the nation bestir itself to see that those dependent on its remembrance are helped kindly and quickly as well?

It is at Monte Carlo, from where this letter is dictated, that colour in clothes reaches its only apex this season. At home, even if one's family was not largely represented in South Africa, there are friends and friends' friends about whom to wear an appropriate semblance of anxiety, and it would seem in the most dubious taste to frolic forth in gay gowns and intoxicating hats when any bulletin may bring disaster and sorrow to persons we deeply esteem. But here, in the lively atmosphere of this happily invented little principality, what can one do but ruffle it in the sunshiny temper of one's fellows and send all "blues," but the most becoming shades, back to their own cave of vapours?

One's first feeling is distinctly that it is good to be alive—in such



warm, perfumed air and unparalleled surroundings; one's next that it is not amiss to be well dressed when there are so many appreciative or spiteful (it does not matter which) people to see; and one's third that, if only the tables—but, there, feelings grow too deep for words, for the tables are not amenable to any blandishments whatever, and to let their insensibility to mortal desires and designs spoil an otherwise ideal environment is poor philosophy indeed! There was a lady here, by-the-bye, quite lately, who, like all confirmed gamblers, was exceedingly superstitious, and credited the dear green tables with all manner of sensibilities. She went round to each one every day, and gravely gave it "good-morning," and when playing—which she did most successfully, by the way—did her luck begin to turn, immediately left the rooms, went back to her hotel, changed her hat or dress, and returned like a

such *demodé* manners as upstanding feathers, ospreys, or ribbons obtain not, neither would they be allowed.

Here, where the sometimes *négligeable* quantity, *La Beauté de la Femme*, is so much in evidence, a great point is made by the women of their complexions. Naturally, too, since we all know

Ciel pommelé, femme fardée,  
Ne sont de longue durée.

It has been imparted to me, however, that most of the successful effects which do not owe their attractiveness to powder and rouge are greatly due to the use of a new skin- tonic, which is called "Icilma," and, being a natural essence whose constant use ensures transparency and disposeth of wrinkles, is having a great vogue amongst those who know. As a matter of fact, I believe "Icilma" to be genuinely beneficial, for its principal ingredient is as old as the Greeks and as good as their art, while its scientific preparation is at last perfected in "Icilma." For those who want to be harmlessly regenerated, it may be added that the Paris dépôt is 5, Avenue de l'Opéra, and the English one Army and Navy Stores. "Icilma" is made up both in soap and lotion form, as well as in face-cream.

By the way, it is given as a reason for the fall of prices in the Casino shares that, though a greater number of people than ever seem to frequent the tables, their stakes are comparatively small and "cautious." Hence these tears. Caution and Monte Carlo are not wont to be reconcilable terms. Lady Margaret Villiers, looking very nice in soft, gauzy black, came over with her mother from Mentone this week. Lady Jersey likes the National, where are also Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Walford.

One hears from friends in Town that, now Parliament is assembled, things are expected to wax a little more lively, though how this optimistic view is to be upheld cannot at once be understood. Seeing that all the men, except a handful of uninteresting Legislators, are at the war—Legislators and professional diners-out being about equally trying!—where is one to turn for light conversation between the courses? And, naturally, there is nothing to be looked forward to for the next twelve months in England but dinner-parties.

Here, again, am I reminded of a dinner-dress seen the other day at Paquin's, and intended for a forthcoming bride whose *dot* is three thousand a-year and a town-house of parts. It is entirely of soft pearl-grey, but nearly covered in sequins, some of which are so long in shape and so arranged as to simulate wavy stripes, while several rippling flounces at the hem are covered with those elongated paillettes. The dress is made *en princesse*, though a tiny twist of pale-green velvet at the waist simulates a ceinture. One of the afternoon-gowns in this same trousseau is of tucked white silk, with a sash and bodice-trimmings of painted lisse; and an opera-pelisse, quite long, of pompadour panne, done with thick white silk fringe and long sable stoles, has been designed by Worth. Thus to me one of the bride-elect's bridesmaids.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MADGE (Montreal).—First of all, for your tailor I can thoroughly recommend Simmons and Son, of the Haymarket. Their work is quite excellent and not expensive. For the dressmaker "whose prices are not exorbitant," try Mrs. Watson, of Dover Street. She is unequivocally first-rate. Of milliners I can recommend two—Madame Kinská, of 168, Piccadilly, and Felise, of 39, Upper Berkeley Street. Both have French milliners. For your corsetière, you cannot do better than Sykes Josephine, 280, Regent Street, and a good all-round shop is Peter Robinson's; while for first-rate style in silks, &c., Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, has also a great vogue with well-dressed women. I hope you will find this of some use.

SYBIL.

Mr. Fred Wright junior, who contributes largely to the success of "The Messenger Boy," at the Gaiety, with his very clever eccentric dance, as Captain Pot, has had a lifelong experience as an actor. He made his first appearance at the Marylebone Theatre in long clothes, being carried "on" in a four-wheeled cab. One evening, the stage gave way, and the cab containing Mr. Wright suddenly disappeared from view; but even at this early age the young actor fell on his feet, and was no worse for his sudden exit. Mr. Wright, by the way, is the author of several plays, including "The Empty Stocking," which was recently produced at the Strand Theatre, and a burlesque on Goethe, entitled "Mephistopheles," which was played in Berlin, Mr. Wright himself appearing in the title-rôle.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who, together with Mr. Charles Wyndham, has just taken over the management of the Criterion Theatre, has been on the professional stage between eight and nine years. He is a most energetic worker, and some years ago played Hamlet, Petruchio, and Romeo in the short space of a fortnight. Two out of these characters were, it is said, quite new to him; that, however, did not satisfy his voracious appetite for work, for he also took part in the performances of the "Old Stagers" at Canterbury on one of his "off" nights. During his tenancy of the Royalty Theatre he developed the "flying matinée" to an alarming extent. His company paid morning visits to Bournemouth, Eastbourne, Bristol, and other distant provincial towns, yet never once failed to appear each evening in London, as advertised. He even took in hand a scheme for his company to pay a flying visit to Paris and give a performance of "The Chili Widow," which was an adaptation of the Parisian success, "M. le Directeur." Criterion audiences will be by no means new to Mr. Bouchier, for during Mr. Wyndham's management of that house he played Charles Courtly, in the revival of "London Assurance," and Charles Surface, in "The School for Scandal."



[Copyright.]

A LOVELY DINNER-GOWN.

punting giantess refreshed. She used to declare that this formula of fresh frocks or millinery never failed to appease the opposing deity of "Luck."

Reverting to the matter and manner of clothes out here, I found a pink cloth to particularly admire yesterday; its skirt, made in the new fashion, rather full and all of a piece, had one end made to cross in front with quite a graceful effect. Another cloth gown, this time of white, was made with little tucks from waist to within a foot of the hem in front, sweeping upwards towards back. A sable border to the hem and outlining a square tucked white satin collar finished it to admiration. The bodice opened at one side over a ficelle lace vest, and was fastened with dainty opal buttons of graduated size. Of course, a black picture-hat of crinoline and feathers crowned all. It was a very successful altogether indeed. Lilac-colour seems a first favourite, too, although the Riviera sun is not kind to delicate mauves. But no one seems to mind expense here, where the voice of Economy never calleth in the groves and "cart-wheels" are mere things to play with, and by no means represent four-and-twopence, as they would elsewhere. Of blouses, which one sees in all manner of elaborate departures, quite the most engaging are made in whole bodices of lace over chiffon, with square sailor-collars, underneath which a chiffon tie is brought and knotted in correct nautical fashion beneath. All the hats are flat and wide, and



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 21.*

## THE OUTLOOK.

For some weeks as Saturday comes round, the position has been purely one dependent on the result of war operations then in progress, so that to write notes which would not be in the hands of readers before results were known was pretty much a matter of guess-work. This week General Buller has varied the monotony by retiring in time for Saturday's markets to know all about it, and the effect of the failure of the third attempt to relieve Ladysmith upon prices has not been nearly as severe as in the case of either the Colenso or Spion Kop incident, for we have got case-hardened to these little matters, just as in time, perhaps, we may become reconciled even to the crowning of Kruger in Westminster Abbey!

There is only one safe rule to act upon in such times, and that is to buy on any defeat, and sell on what looks like a victory, and to confine one's dealing to lively stocks, in which there is a ready market.

There is nothing very startling in either the monetary position or the Bank Return. The outflow of gold to the country shows that our trade requirements continue large, which is satisfactory, and, with a reserve of nearly 24 millions, we are fairly well provided with the wherewithal, but it looks as if we had got very nearly to the bottom, as far as cheap money is concerned, even if the Bank does put its rate down another half per cent. to help the Government borrowing.

## TRUNKS.

The Grand Trunk Railway has often provided the market with surprises, generally of an unpleasant kind, but this time the declaration of a dividend at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the Second Preference stock was an agreeable change. Since 1888, the holders of this stock have never received anything, but the line is doing so well that, unless the unforeseen happens, they may reasonably hope to get their full 5 per cent. next year, and it would be no surprise to us to see a distinct speculative revival in both Third Preference and Little Trunks.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND  
AND ITS NOTES.

It is always unpleasant to have to find fault with the Bank of England, but the case which was decided a day or so ago in the Law Courts is an example of the mistaken and pettifogging policy which the management sometimes carries out. A Bank of England note passes current as easily as a sovereign, and surely the Bank ought to do all in its power to foster this use of its "promises to pay." One of the notes stolen from Parr's Bank turns up, and the holder is forced to sue the Bank for the purpose of recovering the amount. Now, if the Bank of England had contended and tried to prove that the plaintiff took it with knowledge of the theft, or had been other than a *bona-fide* holder, it would have been right and we should have said nothing; but, instead of doing anything of the kind, counsel for the Bank endeavours to escape on the purely technical ground that the London and South-Western Bank, and not the man who had paid the note to the credit of his account there, ought to have sued. The defence failed; but, none the less, it was quite unworthy of the Bank of England to have set it up, and shows that neither the directors nor their legal advisers appreciate what is fitting in the semi-public position which the institution occupies.

## THE FOREIGN MARKET.

With the rise in Argentine and Brazilian stocks there has also arisen some little interest in the long-neglected Foreign Market of the Stock Exchange, that narrow, stuffy little slip where a member fainted the other day for want of air. Diligently inquiring in the market, we find that the general opinion is that Argentine stocks are likely to go better rather than to relapse after their advance, but, concerning Brazilians, the authorities shake their heads and look suspicious. The one great thing that prevents Argentines going ahead is the fear that the Government will feel itself moved to tinker with the currency, as it has threatened to do. Another influence that unsteadied the market for a while was the outbreak of bubonic plague at Rosario, but this cloud has passed over with no serious results. On the other hand, the Transvaal War should prove a good thing for Argentina, as it will force capitalists to look

round for some new direction in which to employ their money while trade with South Africa remains a dead-letter. If any of the Bonds are worth buying, the 4 per cent. Rescission Loan should be considered. The price is about  $58\frac{3}{4}$ , and is one of the quietest of the group, but when a move comes it is likely to advance sharply. Chinese issues—to flit across to another Continent—are weak upon the abdication of the unhappy Emperorlet; but Japanese stocks are fancied by many to whom a 5 per cent. Bond at 103 presents attractions.

Italians are not much heard of nowadays, Paris having dropped them in favour of Spanish, which are still in the ascendant, despite the growlings of possessors of internal Bonds, who consider themselves badly used in order that the foreign holders might be benefited. Uruguay  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cents. are old favourites of ours, and we are expecting to see the price rise from its present level of  $47\frac{1}{4}$  ex-dividend to 50.

## COPPER SHARES.

A jobber in the Foreign Market remarked, the other day, that there seems to be no limit to the balloonishness of Tintos, and the way in which the rise has been making headway of late has surprised even the firmest believers in the company. The sentiment of speculators is, in the main, bearish; the Contango-rate last Wednesday was barely noticeable in its lightness, and on all hands one is told that the advance cannot possibly go on much longer. But this is just what was said when Rios were 44 instead of 49, and the bears must not be surprised if they find themselves squeezed still further before their innings comes. The mistake which day-to-day speculators fall

into is watching the course of the metal instead of the Paris market. The Copper clique can, for the time being, make statistics work out exactly as it pleases, and by the stocks of copper in the world the price is, to a certain extent, regulated.

That the clique will be able to maintain its position for much longer, we do not for a moment believe; but it has been extremely clever in its operations, so far, and has managed to induce a good deal of the Paris buying which has so greatly strengthened the share market. As an investment, we regard Rio Tintos as very unsuitable for the old lady in the country, but one which might suit the capitalist who is always at hand to take quick advantage of the course of this vivacious market. Anacondas we regard as distinctly dear, even as a gamble. Cape Coppers have had a swift rise lately, and are worth selling now. The Mount Lyell group has been affected but to a small extent compared with other shares, and nobody seems to take any interest in the cheaper descriptions nowadays.



FROM "STOCK EXCHANGE SAYINGS."

By kind permission of the Publisher, Mr. W. Edén Hooper.



## HOME RAILS.

With the exception of some of the Scotch Companies, all the Home Railway Boards have now made their dividend declarations, and it is interesting to take stock of the situation. Out of nineteen leading companies, three have increased their dividends for the last six months of the year, the Great Western, the Rhymney, and the Metropolitan District; seven have reduced their rates, these being the City and South London, Great Central, Great Northern, Brighton, North-Western, Midland, and South-Eastern; while the other ten have maintained their distributions at the same rate as last year. Taken all round, the result must be considered disappointing, and doubly so when it is remembered what handsome traffic increases most of the companies boasted at the end of the half-year. When we come to compare prices of to-day with those current last February, this is what we discover. We take the average quotation between the highest and lowest last February, and the closing prices of Saturday, Feb. 10, 1900—

Stock.	Average, Feb. 1899.	Feb. 10, 1900.	Fall.
Brighton "A" ...	177	171	6
Chatham ...	26½	23½	3
London and North-Western	203½	197½	6½
Midland Deferred ...	91½	88	3½
North-Eastern ...	180½	176½	4½
Dover "A" ...	112	90½	21½
Great Western ...	169½	167	2½

Of course, it must be remembered that Dover "A" is just ex-dividend, and that Berthas are ex-new; but when due allowance has been made for these two, the fall is heavy, considering the business that has been done by the leading lines during 1899. Dear money weighed prices down to a large extent at the end of last year, and the stocks would probably be standing higher now were it not for the war, but these are only small items of comfort for railway stockholders. And, as we were saying only a few weeks ago, we fear that even the present quotations will have sunk considerably before another year's dividends are published.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS.

"Brokie," began The Jobber thoughtfully. There was no answer from the gentleman behind the *Financial Times*. "Brokie!"—the note was a semitone higher. "Well?" said the invisible. "I say, who puts our talks in *The Sketch*?" The Banker looked up with some little surprise. "What do you mean?" he wanted to know. "Oh, don't you know? Why, every fortnight or so *The Sketch* has pretty nearly all our talk of a morning in its City pages. And they make me look a perfect fool sometimes. Next time it happens, I'm going to sue the Editor for libel first, then find out who tells him all about our conversations, and kill him." "Kill the Editor?" asked The Engineer. "You'll be run in." "No; I meant, kill the fellow who tells him what we say. I shall, too. The next issue of his that gives us away as the others have done—well, I—I—I mean what I say!"—and the poor fellow looked it. "Why don't you find out now?" The Merchant inquired, while The Banker looked from one to the other in speechless amazement. "Because I know you will none of you confess to it, and my chain of evidence isn't complete yet. I've got most of the links, though, and I'll have the man up before the Committee as sure as I job in Chartered!" "After you've murdered him, I suppose?" was the calm response. "Never mind, it's all good for trade." "Wonderful how good trade keeps, isn't it?" exclaimed The Broker, emerging from behind his paper for the first time. "Look at these statistics! Increases in pretty nearly all departments. And yet Home Railway stocks go down, and I'm a bull of Dover 'A,'" he added sorrowfully.

"Going to sell them?" "No; I thought of buying a few more to put with the first lot. I cannot help thinking that, in spite of the bad dividend report, 'Doras' at 93 are cheap." "That is only because you have seen the price so much higher," The Engineer grunted. "You House-men are all alike. If a thing goes down, you say it must be cheap, whatever the intrinsic value may be." "Don't talk rot!" came the polite rejoinder. "When anything falls, the betting is ten to one that it will recover—a trifle, at all events, and Dover 'A' has got the Paris Exhibition to look forward to, and the summer traffics, and—"

"And Kent Coal, when Wallsend is no longer obtainable," laughed The Engineer. "By the way, is there any price for Kent Colliery Corporations? I got an allotment-letter the other day of some shares in the new concern, with a liability of two-and-fivepence a-share. Can one sell them?"

"Not in the House," said The Broker. "We certainly deal in an awful lot of truck of one kind and another, but we haven't started a market in Kent Coll. Corpses yet."

"How do you 'start a market,' as you call it?" queried The Banker mildly. The Broker didn't seem to like the question particularly. He coughed a little, and looked across to The Jobber for an idea. The latter smiled with angelic innocence, and quietly shook his head. "I leave him to you," he murmured.

"You must understand," The Broker explained, "that there are various ways of making, or starting, or creating a market. Sometimes you do it one way, and at other times it is best to do it quite differently. The circumstances of the case govern its operations very largely, and

if—if—er—if you can't do it one way, you have to do it the other," he finished triumphantly.

"Ah!" said the Banker. "Thank you so much! It is all very clear, and I fully comprehend, which is a thing I never did previously. It would appear that, with such rules as these, there can be no possibility of launching shares in the Stock Exchange when, perhaps, the company in whose shares one is dealing is, let us say, not such a good one as its sponsors declare it to be. Eh, sir?"

"Oh, of course, the Committee see to all that kind of thing," returned The Broker rather testily. "They are there to stop swindling: not we."

There was an awkward pause, and each man turned to his paper with a feeling that the air was becoming rarefied.

"There you are!" burst from The Engineer. "What did I tell you a month ago? Vickers are over 6, and if you had bought them when I told you to"—("I did," put in The Merchant)—"you'd have made a nice little profit. You should take your profit now, sir," he said to The Merchant.

"What shall I do with the money?" discontentedly asked the money-maker. "Can't buy Consols with a war-loan coming out, and Trunks are too high for me to dabble in. What is a man to do?"

"If you want to buy something," cut in The Jobber, "you take my tip, and sell Rand Mines."

"I fail to grasp the meaning of your paradox," said The Merchant, looking puzzled.

"Why," answered The Jobber, "if you sell Rand Mines now, you will be able to get them back at such a profit before the end of the war that you'll be able to buy anything you want."

"What a funny little man you are!" exclaimed The Broker.

"The Kaffir Market cannot keep up. There will be spurts and drops without number. Each kopje means a ten-shilling fluctuation in Rand Mines, and the other shares come in proportionately. But for goodness knows how long the market will be the most kicked-about in the House."

"I don't quite see myself how Kaffirs are going to maintain their prices," said The Merchant. "It is all very well talking about 'seeing the thing through,' and perhaps in five years' time the man who bought Kaffirs now might make a good thing out of it. But it seems to me that he would be able to buy much cheaper six months or so hence. I was reading in a paper only the other day—"

"Name, name!" cried The Jobber.

"I think," commenced The Merchant, "that it was *The Sketch*—"

"Oh, it's you, is it?" demanded The Jobber. "I have been on the wrong scent, then. I didn't know you went in for reporting other people's private conversations in the pages of—"

"Hullo, do you get out here?"—this to The Engineer, who alighted and exchanged a few words with him at the carriage-door. All that was audible to the rest of the carriage was the parting words of the outgoer as he closed the door in The Jobber's face. They came with a laugh, and they were, "—do it yourself."

Saturday, Feb. 10, 1900.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

R. H.—The Bank is as safe as things are in this world; but the return is very small, and you would do better to buy an equal amount of Industrial and General Trust 3½ per cent. Debenture stock, or, if you want more interest, Unified stock. The latter would give you a return of 5 per cent.

J. I. C. B.—We have sent you the Official Lists.

ANXIOUS.—The Railway Debentures are safe enough, and probably the bank deposits, but we do not like this form of security. The experience of Australian Bank depositors shows the risk. See answer to "R. H." If the amount you contemplate investing is over £100, why not buy Gas Light and Coke Ordinary stock or Imperial Continental Gas stock.

S. W.—If you desire to combine philanthropy with finance, the Lodgings may have merits, but we prefer many other things easier to realise—Industrial Trust Unified stock, Inter-Oceanic Railway Prior Lien bonds, Gas Light and Coke Ordinary stock, and a dozen other things of the same sort.

GRANITE.—To recommend shares as a "safe" investment which return from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. is a tall order. You might try United States Brewing Ordinary at about 5½ for the £10 share, or the 8 per cent. Cumulative Preference at 7½; but when people are prepared to embark in the risk and work of trade and get 10 per cent. on their money, it is really absurd for you to expect to sit with your hands in front of you and obtain such a return with any prospect of safety. Inter-Oceanic Railway of Mexico 7 per cent. A Debentures at par are a good speculative purchase giving a good return. As to African Mines, gamble by all means, but don't try to hold till after the war. On our next big defeat, buy Rand Mines below 30, and sell directly they recover.

SIGMA.—(1) The legal position appears very complicated, and we really cannot go into it here. Consult a solicitor who understands Company Law, and pay him properly to advise you. (2) Cordoba Central 5 per cent. Debentures would suit you.

F. R.—We think the certificates are not yet ready, but the secretary will tell you if you write and ask him. The company may turn out well; but we consider its shares very speculative. See last week's "Notes."

We are asked to state that the Directors of Spencer, Turner, and Boldero, Limited, have resolved to recommend a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares for the half-year ending Jan. 15, 1900, and a dividend at the rate of 9 per cent. per annum (making 8 per cent. for the year), together with a bonus of 1s. per share, on the Ordinary shares. The Annual General Meeting will be held on Thursday, Feb. 22, and dividend-warrants posted March 1. The transfer-books of the company will be closed from Feb. 17 to March 2, both days inclusive.